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SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples. By Frederick William Faber, M. A., Fellow of University College, Oxford.

IF it may be permitted us to judge of the impression produced upon the minds of others, from that made upon our own, we should say that the extracts from the above remarkable volume given by us in a former number, are calculated to whet the appetite for a second repast. Even if this writer's matter were not of a kind to lay strong hold upon our feelings, still his manner alone would claim our admiration; for rarely indeed has it fallen to our lot to turn over pages in which the perfection of scholarship is more pleasingly displayed. True it is, that a tone of enthusiasm pervades the volume, and that many of its passages are high-wrought, perhaps declamatory, yet his reflections are just and sensible, and his enthusiasm chastened by good taste. The writer is sometimes hurried along by the warmth of his imagination, but it is always in evidence that

Audit currus habenas.

The *Dublin Review* has devoted a long and able article to Mr. Faber. We quote a passage: "There will at least be a novelty in the impressions of such a traveller. Up to the present time, the British tourist was eminently unqualified to enter into or understand the religious circumstances of the Catholic countries which he visited. Trained up from infancy to regard the simplest act of our external worship as unmeaning, if not idolatrous; to look upon our ceremonies as idle pomp, and our liturgy as senseless mummery, he entered a church with no higher view than that of gratifying curiosity, if he did not carry with him a positive predisposition to ridicule and despise. Every thing was misconceived, and of course misrepresented. The spirit was utterly unknown, and as a necessary consequence the form lost all its significance. How could a mind formed in the Calvinistic school make allowance for the enthusiastic, and to him extravagant piety of the worshippers at the *Quarantore*, or the procession of the Blessed Sacrament? What had a Puritan imagination in common with the poor penitent in the Friday procession of the cross, or the stations of the *Addolorata?* What impression would the unmortified Protestant receive from the motley, and not unfrequently repulsive groups of religious (the Franciscans, and Capuchins,

and Camaldolese, or the *Sacconi* of the several confraternities)—who crossed him at every turn in the streets, and perhaps obstructed his view of some function in St. Peter's. For him, all had but one single name—superstition. He knew not their meaning. They were to him as if "speaking unto the air." And thus, even with that more liberal-minded class, who were indisposed to offend, the very utmost we could expect was a kind of compassionating toleration. They could have no sympathy with what they did not understand; and if a few sentences of barren praise were accorded,—if the 'effect' of the scene, the 'impressiveness' of the service, the 'picturesqueness' of the dresses, were spoken of in a tone of artistic commendation, we were fain to accept with gratitude the crumbs of half-patronizing, half-pitying criticism, thus carelessly flung to us, and be thankful even for the uninquiring indifference to which alone we were indebted for the boon. With a tourist of the new Anglican school, the case is different. For him much of this prejudice has ceased. To him a usage is not *bad*, simply because it is *Catholic*. The time is past '*when it was considered an argument against opinions, otherwise probable, that they were held by all other parts of Catholic Christendom.*'* The reverence for ancient Catholic forms is no longer proscribed; and the admission of the real presence, of the lawfulness of sacred images, of, at least, a modified invocation of saints, of the utility of monastic orders, and the advantage of public associations of piety, has established between the new school and the Catholic nations of the continent, a certain community of feeling which never before existed, and which must give a color to the impressions produced by the religious intercourse between them.

"Of this, Mr. Faber's work, although far from being quite free from the old spirit, will be found to furnish many gratifying examples. Indeed, if his views be different from those of most former travellers, the feelings with which he enters upon his tour are professedly the very opposite of what modern tourists ordinarily entertain. He set out in the spirit, and, as far as his imagination could realize it, the feelings of a traveller of the middle ages; though he could not suppress the sad consciousness, how far, amid the comforts of modern civilization, we have lost sight of the spiritual advantages which a traveller of the olden time would have enjoyed; 'solid advantages, which a Churchman now-a-days may be permitted to regret, and for which he would be willing to forfeit no inconsiderable portion of our modern facilities.' He feels a host of little wants, 'utterly unsatisfied for modern wanderers amid the jealous and disjointed Churches.' He misses the thousand little blessings unprized, perhaps, by the worldly mind, but precious in the eye of faith and of religion,—the friendly shelter which was sure to await the traveller under every religious roof,—the morning benison which accompanied his departing steps,—the freedom of intercourse with the pious and the learned,—above all, the sense of unity and fraternal communion,—the consciousness that, though parted from family and friends, he had still a home in the bosom of the common Mother,—that, though separated from converse with the jarring tongues around him, there was still a language which he shared whithersoever he might go—the common voice of that common parent, soliciting in the same language for all the varied families of her children. He is sensible of these and a hundred other 'little needs, interesting the affections, and laying hold of the imagination, which of old were satisfied to the full to those who travelled in Christendom when at unity with itself.' Well, indeed, may he look upon the disuse of the universal language of Europe, the Latin of the middle ages, 'as an image of the present broken and disordered state of Christendom!' What well regulated mind will not share his pious envy of those happy times, when, whatever their other deficiencies, the sojourner would always say with Sir Francis Palgrave's traveller, 'However uncouth may be the speech of the races among which the pilgrim sojourns, however diversified may be the customs of the regions which he visits,

* British Critic, for July, 1842, p. 105.

let him enter the portal of the Church, or hear, as I do now, the voice of the minister of the Gospel, and he is present with his own, though alps and oceans may sever them asunder. There is one spot where the pilgrim may always find his home. We are all one people when we come before the altar of the Lord.'

"Such is the spirit in which the *Sights and Thoughts* are written, and the author solicits a similar condition of mind in his reader. A few years back it would have been difficult to anticipate the publication of such a volume; even in a Catholic tourist, the idea would have required no ordinary hardihood; and perhaps it would not be easy to find a less equivocal evidence of the complete revolution of opinion which has taken place than the phenomenon of an Anglican clergyman, a refined and accomplished scholar, assuming, with affectionate reverence, the character of a pilgrim of the once deemed 'dark' ages, and journeying forth in this spirit and temper, through the kingdoms of modern Europe; 'where modern wants have clouded the bright past,' sorrowfully comparing what is now, with his recollection of what has passed away; and 'thinking such thoughts as he thought, where places remain unaltered!'"

Our readers will not fail to recollect Mr. Faber's visionary companion, his "Man of the Middle Ages," with whom he occasionally enters into familiar discussion, sometimes, it may be presumed, with a view of relieving his readers from the formality of a theological disquisition, but more frequently for the purpose of bringing out opinions with a greater degree of frankness than he would venture to express in his own person, the present position of his party considered. Among those confabulations with the "Stranger," is a dialogue on the expediency of the revival of the monastic institute in England. It is appropriately held in the beautiful Armenian convent of San Lazzaro, in Venice. The Stranger speaks:

"Ten years ago it would have been thought in your country the wildest dream to suppose that any wish should ever be entertained by members of the English Church for the revival of monasteries; and now you see men, wide as the poles asunder in doctrine and habits of thought, uniting in a desire for religious orders, both of men and women; and boldly making that desire public. There is an instance of what I mean by the resurrection of opinions: I call it a resurrection rather than a revival, because it is a more religious word, and more truly expresses my meaning. The theories of the schools revive; the pious opinions of the Church are raised out of their tombs."

"And do you," I inquired, "think it would be well for us to have monasteries among us?"

"Undoubtedly," said he.

"But," replied I, "there is so much involved in such a step, that I should wish to learn more from you about it. I put aside all questions about vows and the like, as details quite unimportant, and easily arranged, when the more important preliminaries are settled. But does not the history of the Church show that these orders have been failures, and, in process of time, have become fountains of corruption? For instance, we find that at the end of the tenth century, a reformation of them became needful; and in the thirteenth again, their corruption was so great that a considerable reorganization of them was made; and once more, at the beginning of the sixteenth, the life was found in a great measure to have departed out of them."

"That," said he, "is an exaggeration. The order of St. Ignatius was certainly a striking modification of the old monastic principle, but neither life, energy, nor utility had passed away from the Dominicans. Still, let us see what there is in your objection. Monastic orders were failures, because they grew corrupt. Well; so was primitive Christianity then. It is a word somewhat overventuresome; yet, in your sense, Christianity itself has been a failure. Of course it has done much for the world in the way of civilization and general beneficent influence; yet how very little does it appear to have done, compared with what it claimed to do. How much less has it improved the world at large. No, my friend,

in these days, when you are given to argue in generals so much, it is important you should remember, whenever you approach Church subjects, that God's providences are thwarted by man's sin, and the merciful intentions of heaven fall short of the mark at which they are aimed. There seems, if we may so say it, to be a mysterious waste of mercy in God's dispensations, like his gracious rain, falling in torrents on the deserts of Africa. Yet, as here and there a knot of palms, or a little rushy oasis round a spring, receive the rain and are enlivened by it, so, in the world of man, does the Almighty Father seem to frame his dispensations of grace for all, the reprobate as well as the elect, and be content that they should find here and there the single souls, the few palms of the desert whom they will lead to salvation. At any rate I see nothing in the general objection that monastic orders have been failures, which will not equally apply to Christianity itself. But, after all, in what sense have they been failures? Date the commencement of monasticism when you will, whether among the recluses of the Thebaid wild, before the Nicene council, or with the rule of St. Basil after it, it was not till the tenth century that they grew so corrupt as to call for the interference of the Church. A space is left of at least six centuries. Now can Catholic doctrine—the Catholic doctrine of the trinity and incarnation say so much? Are not six centuries quite a duration for any thing religious, in a world which turns spirit into matter, and commutes the fine gold into dross so rapidly; a singular duration, I say, for any thing but the visible Church, whose existence is supernaturally secured by her gift of indefectibility? Your next epoch, it is true, is shorter,—somewhat short of two centuries and a half. But then the times were farther removed from primitive purity and strictness, and, consequently, the progress of corruption was more rapid. They were also trying times. It was during that interval that the Church saw fit to take up a very different position from the one she had previously occupied. She was casting herself into a new mould, that of the popedom, and many perils were naturally attendant upon so extensive a change. Yet it was much for the orders to serve the Church's need for two centuries and a half. Your third epoch is from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. This was the time of the mendicant orders; and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the advantage they were of to the Church at first, though they soon degenerated. And as to the modification of the monastic principle, embodied in the order of the Jesuits, you have only to look on the consistent encroachment which Rome has made on the stronghold of Protestantism ever since, in order to understand and estimate the extent of service performed by that order for the holy see. I cannot, therefore, agree with you that religious orders have been failures. On the contrary, a revival of the monastic spirit seems to be one feature in every crisis of the Church, and to bear fruit abundantly."

"But," said I, "the Roman Church herself seems, from time to time, to have regarded the orders with doubt and jealousy."

"Of course," he replied; "she knew their tremendous power, and the great importance of being always able to guide and overrule their movements. The fourth Lateran council, early in the thirteenth century, forbade any new orders, as leading by their multiplicity to confusion; and this was enforced again by the council of Lyons; the Pope alone having power to dispense with this rule. And yet, although a multiplicity of orders would lead to confusion in the Church, there is something very sublime in the idea which religious orders embody. It seems as if the whole mystical body, the Church, penetrated with a deep sense of her various offices towards the world, mortified intercession, illustrated poverty, ministrations to the sick, patronage of the poor, preaching in rude districts, literary labors, burial of the dead, teaching of ascetic penance, and the like, detached off from her centre, various small communities, each specially devoted to some one or more of these offices. They were as legates from her side, representing her in foreign places; and then the principle of obedience to the visible head of the Church circulated among them, encompassing and

embracing them all, and maintaining still the great unity. The Church spoke with many voices, and yet remained one. Each order was a voice, speaking a particular tongue. It was like a mystical Whitsun miracle; and as the life flowed into them from Peter's chair, so to Peter's chair it flowed back again, to be re-inforced and purified. The various unity of the Church Catholic has never been so magnificently represented to the world as by the religious orders."

"But," said I, "is there not some danger of creating a Church within a Church? In looking at the history of the middle ages we see two Churches, not one Church: the monastic Church, and the secular Church."

"Allow me," replied he, "to put a more accurate expression into your mouth,—the monastic clergy and the secular clergy."

"Well," said I, "at any rate there were two elements in the Church in perpetual conflict; and might not that danger be incurred again?"

"You seem to speak," said he, "not very modestly; as if there were no monastic orders in the Church now. You forget that the greatest part of Christendom, east and west, is full of them; and that in this, as in some other things, your own particular Church has not feared to make a very marked distinction between herself and the rest of the Catholic body. However, what you say is very true. . . . . What, then," I continued, "are the advantages which you would anticipate from a revival of monastic orders among the English?"

"Why," replied he, "my last words will lead you to one of them. I think they would form a safety valve for much to escape that now condenses into dissent. You are a Church without penances, the first the world has ever seen; and there are many penitents whose ill-instructed enthusiasm, in itself laudable, leads them to show openly, by some strong step, and by taking up some obviously new position, their horror of the state of sin from which they are emerging. They become dissenters. And however ignorant they may be, however sad the consequences to themselves, I do not think there is in your Church sufficient provision for such men; and they are probably not few. Almost any modification of monastic orders would meet this. Again, you have a great deal of zeal for teaching, and visiting, and being actively useful in a Christian way. Such a zeal, however ill-mannered its bearing may be at times, is surely not culpable. And now, it either separates off from the Church, or thwarts the clergy. To make such persons subordinate clergy, would probably secularise the clergy; and besides that, the case of pious, zealous women would not be provided for. Monastic orders would satisfy this want fully. Indeed, the principle of obedience, developed in its very strongest way, is the life of monasticism; and religious orders would, with God's blessing, be very likely to create that principle among you. This of itself would go far to kill dissent. Men would be monks who now are field preachers. Men would seek to satisfy the cravings of penitent zeal in the strict submission of a monastery, who now seek to do some great things for the Lord in the wild and impure sect of the Independents. How wonderfully has the Roman Church ever embraced and contained in unity every heterogeneous religious element! The monastic orders alone explain this."

"Another advantage would be an ability to cope with the immense manufacturing population of your country. I see no other means by which you can cope with it as a Church should. Picture to yourself the huge moral wilderness of countless souls, who throng the earth around the English factories. What spiritual lever do you apply to these masses of corrupt, yet energetic life? In each district two or three churches, with perhaps four priests, men of soft habits, elegant manners, and refined education. This forms what is called the English Church in the manufacturing district. Surely it is unnecessary to point out the absurd inadequacy, or genteel feebleness, call it which you please, of such a moving power. But set down one or two ecclesiastical factories amongst them in the shape of monasteries; combine in them much of the single, rude energy which now evapo-

rates in Chartism or dissent, and you will soon see a very different state of things indeed. Transplant the monastery of Camaldula from the bleak Appenine frontier of Romagna, with its cenobites and hermits; let there be an incessant round of prayer, preaching, education,—roughly, in season and out of season; send the poor monks out among the poor from whom they have been taken, interfere for the weak against the oppressor, let charity and sympathetic watchfulness, which is even more prized than almsgiving, run over exuberantly, and be flowing night and day from the gates of the monastery."

"Ah!" said I, "did you but know England, you would see what a dream you are dreaming!"

"A dream, young man," he answered sternly; "am I then to believe what I have been told on many sides, that your Church is but a dream and your Churchmen dreamers, with an unrealised theology, not a branch of the Catholic vine, true, healthy, strong, vigorous, growing, pliable, gifted, tangible, substantial? What! cannot it adapt itself by great turnings and bold measures to altered circumstances? Has its political establishment crippled its powers? Ah! have you not, perchance, made an illuminated transparency, a soothing sight for quiet times, and set before it so long and so complacently, that you now venture to call it a Catholic Church?"

I hid my face in my hands and after a while I said, "What have I done? You have never spoken to me in this way before. How have I made you angry?"

"You put forward," replied he, "the highest possible claims for your Church, often in a tone of pharisaical self-conceit," &c.*

"Nay, do not speak; I know what you would say. You would show me all these things on paper, and in the lives of a few men. This suffices not. I will consent to judge no Church by documents merely, or [by] a small party which has from time to time been put down among you. You say Rome is not to be judged by synodal acts or Tridentine documents; so neither are you to be esteemed according to a ritual discountenanced and neglected, or by doctrines at best only permitted, and put down when that can be done decently. The measure ye mete to Rome shall now be meted to yourselves: better had it been for you, that ye had meted that measure more mercifully."

In another place the stranger is made to rebuke the Church of England in the following strong language.

"Measure your attainments in holiness with the ritual of your Church, and you will find that you have been far from filling out her system, far from equalling her eminence, far from acting out her customs, far from reflecting her full light. Humble yourself and acquiesce. I speak not in severity; but look how you live and act before the misbelievers, and then confess yourselves to be dogs unmeet to receive the crumbs that fall from the Master's table. Does it not even seem like a merciful providence that your ritual is not only what it is, considering what your lives are? and furthermore, I put it to you to reflect whether this craving for the beauty of holiness, when you are wanting in the severity of holiness, does not arise from a very disobedient, restless, and unhallowed temper of mind; whether it does not betray a want of humility, of self-knowledge, of affection, of single-hearted zeal and dutifulness; whether it does not betoken rather a love of excitement than of asceticism; and lastly whether circumstances considered, it is not (I speak deliberately) a most awful tempting of Providence."

"It grows late," said he, "and the gondola is waiting. Let us enter. I will there finish what I have to say about religious orders." We glided for a little way quietly over the water, when he resumed: "a third advantage, which I think would arise from such orders among you, does not require many words, and yet it is of considerable importance. They would strengthen the hands of your bishops. . . . Monasteries, utterly and in all respects, and without appeal beneath their control and real visitation, would increase their moral might in the

* For the remainder of this extract the reader is referred to No. 7, p. 395 of our Magazine.

diocess immensely. They would, by numbers and example control the secular clergy in the exercise of that far too wide freedom conferred upon them by the laws of the land; they would present a perfect company of priests, evangelists, and other laborers ready to go here or there at all hours, and supply chance wants, and those intervals so common in your Church between the growth of a population and the satisfying of its wants,—intervals which schism exhibits an instructive adroitness in occupying. In short religious orders would do for your bishops as much as they did for the Pope, in extending and realizing their government of the clergy."

"But," he added, "you are perhaps not ripe for this. Indeed, there is a cloud over you just now, which, if it fall in hail, rather than fertilizing rain, will blight your expected harvest. I fear me it is charged with something heavier than summer rain. There is, however, an approximation to monastic orders, which is easy of adoption any where, and among poor clergy and a dense population of the utmost service: I mean the cenobitical life of the secular clergy. Four or five, or six or seven, of any unmarried priests, might, by hiring one house, make very small stipends go a great way, and edify each other very much by piety of life and due observance of the rites of the Church. A few bye-laws made by themselves, with the sanction of their bishop, might give somewhat of a collegiate mould to their lives, which would tend to strictness of life, and increase their spiritual influence. The little time left by parochial duties for theological studies might be made the most of by one priest taking one question in hand, and another another. This is that cenobitical life of the secular clergy, of which St. Eusebius of Vercelli is said to be the author; and it was organized and shaped anew by St. Chrodegang of Metz, in the seventh century; and, if my memory does not fail me, it was recommended and enforced by several provincial and diocesan synods from time to time."

In speaking of the accusations brought by the "Man of the Middle Ages," against the Church of England in the above extract, the *Dublin Review* has the following just remarks: "It were well, however, if this were all, and if no more grievous impeachment could be preferred against the Anglican Church. But may she not, even on the showing of the Tractarians themselves, be convicted of what they, and all who seek even the shadow of Catholic principles, must regard as a direct and palpable suppression of the truths which they cherish as the very essence of Catholic belief? Has she not, in her articles, hidden and buried these precious truths under forms of words, not only 'equivocal and indecisive,' but so directly conveying the opposite meaning, that it is only by a process of ingenious torture, which all must deem unnatural, and which the Anti-Tractarians do not scruple to call dishonest, that they can be twisted even into the merest toleration of them? It is not alone that the truth is not professed; it is impossible not to see that it is studiously and wilfully concealed. How few are there who can detect it under the bald and barren phraseology of the articles? Nay, how few to whom they do not produce the effect, not merely of a *suppressio veri*, but of a plain and irresistible *suggestio falsi?* Who, for example, is not irresistibly impelled by the tone and tenor of the thirty-first article, to reject altogether the life-giving sacrifice of the altar? Who can persuade himself that it is not intended to exclude altogether every idea of an "offering of Christ for the quick and the dead?" Mr. Faber deals tenderly with this article, when he merely accuses it of "*clouding* the sacrifice of the altar." Surely it not only clouds, but obliterates every trace of its existence; and surely it is too mild a character of such teaching, to say, that it is "equivocal and indecisive." Can we doubt that it is "decisive upon the wrong side?" And, if we regard such doctrines as forming part of the great deposit of Catholic truth, can we hesitate to pronounce this cowardly and culpable suppression of them, a "detaining of the truth of God in injustice?"

To entertain oneself, therefore, with the idea of such an authority, is but to trifle with an imposing name. May it not well be suspected that the Catholic movement

in the English Church, which, far from originating either in the formularies of the Church itself, or in the bishops who might most naturally be taken as the representatives of her authority; on the contrary, if it be not actually condemned by both, cannot claim from either more than the merest toleration,—is, after all, a voice in, not of the Church;—a subtle refinement of private interpretation, without weight, because without commission; without permanence, because unembodied in any determinate organ; without utility, because incapable of being applied in any practical emergency; and far from being calculated to create and preserve unity, itself the very occasion of discord and disunion, by claims which cannot be supported and which will not be obeyed? And how can it be otherwise in a body which comprises members so motley and incongruous? What can possibly be hoped from, we will not say the union, but even the co-existence of two tendencies so utterly irreconcilable. What permanence, nay, what passing fruit can be hoped from an attempt to engraft Catholic doctrines upon a system whose institutions are essentially Protestant to their very core; to cherish Catholic feelings, and enkindle or keep alive a Catholic spirit in a Church which it is first necessary to "*unprotestantize*,"* as a preliminary to its reform? Men's views are dependent on external things, and take their tone and color from the scenes in which they live and the objects by which they are surrounded. Will the mere change of name produce an alteration of spirit? Will the substitution of Catholic for Protestant, and the adoption of the technical language in which some of the leading doctrines of Catholicity are embodied,—especially when this is unauthoritative, if not against authority, be sufficient to eradicate from the constitution of the Church, the inveterate Protestantism in which her present form originated, and which centuries of rampant anti-Catholic prejudice have hardened and ground in? Alas! the life-giving doctrines of Catholicity, to whatever extent they may be embraced by individuals, must ever be strangers in such companionship;—a theory without a practice; a beautiful dream without a reality. No wonder it should 'be thought by many persons that the doctrine of apostolical succession is formal, unpractical, little fitted to cope with the social evils under which we labor.'* Well may men sigh for the 'secret intercourse between priest and penitent, by far the best adapted machinery which the world has seen, to keep alive that keen sensitiveness of conscience which worldly trouble so miserably deadens;† for the sight of 'holy men, voluntarily renouncing the comforts of wealth, and reducing themselves to their level, in order to minister to their spiritual and bodily wants!' While these and the other similar devices of piety which the Catholic Church alone cherishes, which are the necessary complement of her doctrines, and, as it were, the visible form in which her spirit is embodied, are wanting,—so long it is vain to talk of a 'Catholic system.' So long it will be but an array of names imposing but unreal; so long will faith be formal and unpractical, with a blight and a chill upon its energies; so long must rush upon the mind the startling question with which Mr. Faber closes his volume, in the 'Stranger's' words: 'You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests; IS ENGLAND UNDER AN INTERDICT?'"

In another place, Mr. Faber reverts to the subject of a monastic life, citing the Benedictine institute as an example. We must make room for the whole of this exquisite passage. Our traveller has reached the memorable plain of Marathon.

"We are entering the low vine-clad convent which is to be our home for the night, and the priest is descending from the small chapel on the hill, where he has been saying the afternoon prayers, and the little boy who makes the responses is with him. He leads a happy life, yon old Greek priest. From sun-rise to sun-set, except at prayer-time, he smokes a cherry-stick pipe, and is happy. He threatens the cattle with evil

* See the British Critic, No. lxiii (July, 1842), p. 211, and following.

* Ibid. † Ibid.

eye, and the people with anathema, and kids are brought him, and he is fed, and paid, and feared, and the cherry-stick pipe never goes out, and he sits under the shade of the convent fig-tree, and he gazes on Marathon always. The green lizard on the wall beside the tank is not happier than the long-bearded convent priest. But what if more be required of the one than of the other? Then it is not so well!

"Nature's fearful and most sweet sounds blend into one harmony, and nothing remains to offend the ear. Throughout the bright night was the air filled with the howling of wolves and the singing of nightingales, and the two were pleasant together. The woody mountain side was alive with nightingales, and they sang incessantly and loud. I was at rest in a Greek convent on the south western verge of the plain of Marathon, kept wakeful by the rough and tender serenade which overpowered the low voice of the shrunken brook. There was novelty enough in my position to make me feel no want of sleep. About midnight the Stranger appeared. I was the first to accost him.

"What!" said I, "in a *Greek* convent?"

"Not a word of that," replied he. "Come forth into the star-light. I come to remind you of *Latin* thoughts and things. Have you thought of what I said to you at Ancona?"*

"Yes," replied I, "the present state of my own Church, and the doubt and distressing perplexity which beset the path of an English clergyman, compelled me to think more deeply of it than perhaps I otherwise should have done."

"And have you," he asked, "come to any conclusion?"

In reply to the above question our traveller is free to avow, that "he appreciates the magnificence of the idea of the papacy, and is not slow to admit the many blessings of which it has been the cause," but his convictions "do not amount to making it a duty to adhere to the chair of St. Peter."*

The supposed dialogue between our traveller and the mysterious Stranger here takes a discursive turn. The spirit of the papacy and the power of the Church lead to a series of reflections upon the punishment of death for heresy. Among other observations is the following:

"You will have no more of it," said I.

"No," he added with a half smile; "you

* The following is part of the conversation alluded to.

"You are now," said the Stranger, "leaving behind you the last avenue to Rome. The road by Spoleto would soon lead you across the narrow peninsula to the eternal city."

"Certainly," replied I, laughing, "it requires an effort to pass by Rome; but I shall console myself with the thought that 'earth has something yet to show,' the haunted hills of the legitimate capital of Christendom."

"Are you not afraid," said he, "to acknowledge that title?"

"No," I answered, "Rome has been a marvellously fruitful mother, and the curious diligence of antiquarians cannot alter the fact that all we of the west, at least, are her children. . . . The papacy," said I, "is really an awful page in the history of man, and the lower we stoop to decypher the mysterious characters in which it is written, the more manifestly do they appear divine."

"This," said he, "seems to have struck the world so early as the council of Chalcedon in the middle of the fifth century."

"Yet," I replied, "the fathers of Chalcedon strove to make out the primacy of St. Peter's successors to be a political matter only."

"But," he answered, "the feelings of the Christian world did not respond to their notion. It was, I think, thrown out by them as a feeler. However, it did not satisfy men, and carried no influence along with it."

"Had it been but an affair of politics," said I, "it would not have kept its wonderful hold upon the reverence of the faithful when Belisarius and Narses had reduced Rome into one of the provincial cities of the eastern empire. . . . The early fathers saw something about Rome, they hardly knew what; something which distinguished her from other churches. One of the heathen emperors, Aurelius, if I mistake not, referred a dispute to the bishop of Rome in some such way as to show a belief in his mind that his Christian subjects looked up to the chair of Rome. He was doubtless expressing something which he had observed. Some of the fathers, as Tertullian, speak of the peculiar *happiness* of the Church of Rome, where the two apostles were martyred, and St. John confessed. Others seem to regard it in a peculiar way as the c 'y clearly apostolical chair of the west; others again, as being in type as a church what St. Peter was as an apostle; and indeed this is true, for Rome is a type of the whole Church. I too see even in early times something distinguishing that Church very honorably,—an almost miraculous fecundity in planting Churches. Then other early writers mentioned her long freedom from heresy as something peculiar, and calling her the 'Virgin Church.' A passage in St. Gregory Nazianzen's poem on his own life shows with what affectionate reverence even the eastern doctors regarded her; and it is the more striking in that Gregory himself was patriarch of Constantinople."

* How far such an avowal is reconcilable with Mr. Faber's previous declaration, that "the characters of the papacy manifestly appear *divine*," we leave the lovers of consistency to determine.

have too many heresiarchs now; there is safety in a multitude. But," he continued, "let us away with this cynical strain. It ill beseems either the hour or the place. To sit in judgment and pass hard sentences is an unfitting boldness amid this tranquil beauty. It is we who sympathise not with the earth, not earth that sympathises not with us. Listen to that long howl above yonder copse. What a power has silence to absorb and incorporate herself with every sound that comes not from man or human toil! The howling of the wolf, and the baying of the watch dog do not interrupt the deep tranquillity. They enter into it, and form part of it. How divine a thing is silence!"

"Yes," replied I; "and with what wisdom did the authors of monastic observances make it a part of their discipline!"

"You will generally find," he answered, "most deep sagacity in the ascetic system of old times. It is a profitable study, because of the numerous holy uses and spiritual meanings comprised within it, the gradual contributions of many generations of saints."

"It seems," said I, "at first sight strange, that so large a portion of the practical rules of Scripture should concern the government of the tongue."

"And," replied he, "what a key-stone to the arch of all such precepts is made by those words of our Blessed Saviour, 'By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned.' And as in Scripture, so in the Latin hymns of the Breviary, how numerous and beautiful are the allusions to silence as a penitential or elevating discipline, and in what singular combinations do they many times occur. We grow into an intelligent apprehension of them. It is very wonderful to observe the deeply scriptural character of all the systems of [Christian] antiquity, whether dogmatical or ascetic. A lively regard for and reverent custody of tradition seem to bring, as a natural consequence, a deep understanding of Scripture, and an affectionate dwelling upon it, and realizing of it, in its minutest parts. Though portions of Scripture, Levitical details, topographical catalogues, or Hebrew genealogies, appear to have been full of Christ, full of outlines of his Church, so the affectionate temper of early times, where now to us the lamps have gone out. Even the genealogy of our Blessed Lord himself is often left unread in churches, as having no springs of heavenly meditation flowing from it. Yet if we open the commentaries of the fathers, what exuberant and beautiful wisdom springs beneath their touch from the dry desert of hard names, overflowing it all, and making it green with spiritual herbs good for the use of man. And this use of silence, as part of the old ascetic system, is another instance of the fidelity with which the record of antiquity, as a pure mirror, reflected the faintest shadows of Scriptural objects upon itself. Its uses as a penance, and again as an habitual restraint of a dangerous member, are very obvious; but such views as these fall short of ancient ideas on the subject. I have often been struck with the word *fed*, as applied to silence, as if there were some way in which silence feeds the soul. And cannot we in these times see some way in which it feeds the soul? A silent contemplation of heavenly mysteries, without shaping them into thoughts or melting them into words, may be to the soul what a silent study of some surpassing model is to the artist. It becomes a source of beauty, unconsciously transferring itself to the spirit of the beholder. It is like a stamp, whose reverted images are unintelligible until they are impressed upon another substance, when we may read and interpret them. St. Ephrem is very bold and majestic; he calls silence the language whereby the Father and the Son converse, understood by the co-equal Spirit only, and above even angelic comprehension."

"But," he continued, "it is not only Scripture which is with such affectionate fidelity, represented by the mind of antiquity; the objects of external nature are filled with a sort of symbolical theology, and elevated into the ritual of the Church. Earth's mysteries are sufficiently interpreted to enable us to consecrate common objects, and through them our daily life, which lies among common objects. Doubtless tradi-

tion was one great fountain of this knowledge to the ancient believers; but this aided them also to discern them in the deep places and bye-paths of Scripture. The one which I would specify now, as connected with the public and private devotions of Christians, is the frequent recurrence in nature of the powerful and hallowed sign of the cross. This is one of the safeguards against sin in common use among the ascetics; and there was no Christian who was ashamed to sign himself with the sign of the cross, especially when, from any sudden and apparently causeless irruption of bad thoughts, he has reason to believe his chamber filled with unclean spirits. Surely it is a great privilege not to be forbidden the use of that effectual token. To a serious man how quickly it raises a fence between the world and himself! How does it remind him of the new birth, when he rises in the morning! How does it meekly defy the evil angels when he leaves his chamber for the duties of the day! How does it bless his bed when he retires to rest! How does it, as it were, absolve him in the dead of night from the guilt of miserable dreams! How does it stay fits of sudden anger! How is it a very real and felt contact with the invisible world! O blessed sign! how art thou like the finger of the Lord, the touch of One whom we love and fear! How fearless, too, was the use of this dread admonition among the saints of old; for what is wanting in Tertullian's catalogue?—'At every stir and movement, at every coming in and going out, at putting on the clothes, and binding on the sandals, at the bath and at the banquet, at the lighting of the lamps, at lying down or sitting, whithersoever the conversation of our life leadeth us, we mark our forehead with the sign of the cross.' And nature too was full of this sign to them when they walked abroad. Not only were the pools of water and the fields of corn instructive shadows of the font and the altar, and the olive yards of the holy unction, and the vines of the redeeming blood, but the cross, too, was every where, among the boughs, and in the clouds, and on the plains, and on the skins of animals. If St. Ephrem saw a little bird fly, he remembered that with outstretched wings it was making the sign of the cross before the eye of heaven, and that if it closed its wings and marred the sign, it straightway fell to the earth. If he trusted himself on shipboard, he looked up to the mast, and behold! a cross; and when they spread the sail, it was like the body of One hanging on the cross, propelling the ship; and forthwith the ship became the Church, and the fierce sea the world, and there was one on board whose presence is our haven. I would that I could win the habit of so regarding the beautiful scenery of my daily walks that when my body is driven out into the air for recreation, my soul might feed on beautiful symbols, and be kept pure by images of heaven, and be drawn to Christ by a thousand sacred admonitions. But this is not a matter of the intellect. Such a habit must be won by continual meditation on divine things, by a love of Christ, and an imitation of Him. Leave off wrangling and let go high-mindedness. Throw yourselves into antiquity; its controversial witness is a great thing, but its beautiful spirit is a far greater. Strive to imbibe it; incorporate yourself into it. Fearlessly contract habits of thought alien to those you have now; and realize the truth that there is neither space nor time in the communion of saints."

At this moment the rim of the sun appeared above the mountain. "The earth's bridegroom cometh," said the Stranger, and he made the sign of the cross. We descended towards the convent.

"Is not," said I, "this little monastery a useless burden to the poor valley and circumjacent villages?"

"At present," said he, "the lamps are gone out within it, but they may be rekindled at any time. And be careful how you ever pull down a form wherein a spirit has once abided. A hundred lichens and medicinal mosses may cling and find nourishment between the stones."

"The priest," said I, "seems to have a low notion of a happy life."

"Yet," he answered, "who shall say that the recitation of the liturgies makes no stir in the invisible world, and brings out no blessing from it? The days may be at

hand for this monastery, when the true happy life shall be lived therein by a pious brotherhood of Greeks."

"What do you call the true happy life?" said I.

"The life," he answered, "bound one to another by a threefold cord of obedience, silence, and humility; the life, in short, which is lived by the spiritual children of St. Benedict in the west. Thus their days are passed: The monks rise at the eighth hour of the night, that is, at two in the morning, to join in the nocturnal office, or vigils. The time which remains from vigils to matins, which are celebrated at sunrise, is employed in learning the psalms, in holy reading, in meditation. The vigil service commences with *Deus in adjutorium*, &c. It is followed by the third psalm, the *Gloria Patri*, ninety-fourth psalm, and the hymn of St. Ambrose. Twelve of the psalms are to be chanted immediately after the hymn of St. Ambrose. On finishing six, however, the monks are allowed to sit; and after the *Benedicite* by the abbot, they are to read, each in turn, three lessons,—at the end of each all joining in a response, and rising at the *Gloria Patri*, in reverence to the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity. Then come the six remaining psalms, followed by a lesson from the New Testament, and the *Kyrie eleison*. On Sunday this vigil service is deemed insufficient. After the *Deus in adjutorium*, and six psalms, come four lessons and four responses, after the last all rising to chant the *Gloria Patri*, next come six psalms with the antiphon, and four other lessons with the responses; then three canticles from the prophets, the *Hallelujah*, the *Deus in adjutorium*, and the *Benedicite*. Four lessons more from the New Testament, with their responses, are followed by the *Te Deum*, which the abbot commences; and the same dignitary reads the Gospel, all standing devoutly, and then is chanted *Te laus decet*, &c. The services besides the virgil, were seven, in conformity with the practice of the psalmist, 'seven times in the day have I uttered thy praise.' At prime, tierce, sext, nones, vespers and complin, which, as the names import, are celebrated at the first, third, sixth, and ninth hours, at sunset, and before retiring to rest, hours corresponding to six, nine, twelve, three, half past four, and about six o'clock, and which are called the diurnal hours, a certain number of psalms, canticles, and responses are chanted, in such manner that the whole Psalter is read once a week. This, says St. Benedict, is as little as we can do, considering that our forefathers read the whole every day. After matins, in summer, come four hours of labor, from six to ten o'clock, either in the fields, or at some mechanical employment; then comes reading, followed by sext at twelve o'clock, when the brethren dine. After dinner, meditation during about one hour; and though it is then only half past one, the nones, which should be celebrated at three, are repeated, that the monks may again go out to labor till half past four, when they return to vespers. If the brethren, during their labors, are near the monastery, they repair to the oratory at the canonical hours; if they are distant, they kneel in the fields, to repeat certain prayers. In winter, after the tierce, which is said an hour earlier, namely at eight o'clock, the monks go to their agricultural labors, and work till nones, or three o'clock, when they dine. Their meals are two only, dinner and supper; and at both, flesh meat is prohibited. During meals, some brother reads aloud from the Scriptures, the expositions of the fathers, or some edifying book. As to apparel, each monk has two tunics, two cowls, and a scapulary, one for the night, the other for the day. Each has a separate bed; ten or twenty sleep in the same dormitory, which, throughout the night, is lighted by a lamp, and superintended by one of the deans, who is always an aged man. After confession no word is allowed to be spoken by any of the brethren, but one of the number usually reads aloud. Mental prayer concludes the arduous service of the day,—a service which appears too much for human nature. No monk is allowed to receive letters or presents without the superior's permission, and if the necessary business of the community leads him outside of the walls, he first commends himself to the prayers of the rest, and on his return passes

some time prostrate at the foot of the cross, to expiate or to recover from the distractions of which he may have been guilty; neither is he allowed to mention any report, any news, any transaction which he has heard or seen in the world. Such is Benedictine life, and no less beautiful to my eyes is the Benedictine temper:—To honor all men, to do as we would be done by, to deny ourselves so as to follow Christ, to discipline the body, to restrain all self-gratification, to love fasting, to fill the poor with joy, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to rejoice in tribulation, to console the afflicted, to keep aloof from the world, to hold the love of Christ beyond every other tie; not to be angry or deceitful, not to neglect charity, not to swear, to speak the truth always, not to return evil for evil, to suffer injury with patience, to love one's enemies, to bless those who curse us, to suffer persecution for righteousness' sake, not to be proud, nor a wine bibber, nor a glutton, nor a sluggard; not to murmur, not to slander; to trust in God, to ascribe whatever is good in ourselves not to our own merits, but to God; always remembering, however, to accredit ourselves with any evil we may do, to have a feeling sentiment of the last judgment, to have death daily before our eyes, to dread hell, to have a spiritual yearning for eternal life, to watch over our actions every hour of our lives, to feel that God is every where, to open our evil thoughts to some spiritual director; to keep the tongue from evil speaking, not to love jesting or laughter, to listen with pleasure to holy reading, to be frequent in prayer, to confess past sins with tears and groans, to resist the evil motions of the flesh, to hate our own will, to be obedient to the superior in all things; not to aim at being thought holy, but to be really so; daily to fulfil God's commands, to love chastity, to bear malice to no one, to shun jealousy, envy, contention and pride; to reverence the aged, to love the young, to pray for our enemies with the love with which Christ prayed for them, not to let the sun go down upon our anger, never to despair of God's mercy. This is the Benedictine mirror of the Gospel. This is what I called 'the truly happy life,' the life which may one day be lived here in this classic valley, a glory better far than that of Marathon."

"We parted on the stone steps which descends from the mountain side into the court of the convent. '*Suscipiat te Dominus,*' was his farewell, '*secundum eloquium ejus, et vivas; et non confundat te ab expectatione tuâ.*'

We had before occasion to remark Mr. Faber's tact in bold, rapid, and graphic description; nor are his moral touches less powerful. Witness the following.

"We spent the morning of Easter Monday in seeing a very beautiful procession at the arsenal [in Venice], and afterwards the blessing of the sea. It was a very interesting ceremony; and as we rode in our gondola, the crowded Schiavoni, the banners of the procession, the figure of the priest lifting up the Host over the sea, which was perfectly calm and clear, presented a picture which could not easily be equalled. In the afternoon we went to the Armenian convent. Our guide through the building was the simple-mannered Father Aucher, the translator of Paradise Lost, the Night Thoughts, and Rasselas, into Armenian. It was a little annoying in a place so quiet and Christian as that delightful convent is, to hear the name of Byron so much dwelt upon, and the kind of summer parlor where he used to compose, shown with a good deal of noise and parade. It was not, of course, the mere mention of an infidel poet's name which could desecrate the honor of the tranquil and studious Armenians; but it was brought forward in such a way as to show that our good cicerone had found that that name hallowed the convent more to English travellers than its own sacred character and beautiful propriety of arrangement.

"We will rest awhile in that pleasant panelled common room, hung round with pictures of benefactors, and of some of the more literary of the brethren. That one on the left hand of the door is Father Aucher himself; no one can mistake it. The windows look into a quiet little garden; and the whole room is filled with the fragrance of a

bunch of yellow jonquils, in a little vase upon the table. How quiet it is, after the holyday mirth and holyday crowds upon the Schiavoni! It was here the Stranger visited me once more. I had not seen him since we left Padua, and his appearance was doubly welcome in such a place as that common room.

"Now that all is over," said he, "do you not repent of not having gone to Rome during the holy week?"

"Not at all," replied I.

"You may now visit it in tranquillity," said he, "it will be nearly empty by the end of the week."

"No," I answered, "we shall go eastward."

"Eastward! whither?" rejoined he.

"To the Lord's tomb," said I, "if it be possible."

"I fear," said he, "the plague will render that a hazardous journey."

"Of that," I replied, "we can hear farther at Smyrna. I would fain see Jerusalem before I visit Rome."

"It is even a more awful place than Rome," said he, devoutly crossing himself. "Europe, if ever outward unity be vouchsafed her again, will turn her eyes thither once more. There will be another crusade, though after a different sort from what has been heretofore. But it is not well to travel thither as ye would to other lands, in a literary way, or in the spirit of an artist. It is the land which the Lord environed with his blessed feet."

"I would fain leave such a spirit behind me in visiting any land. I wish to regard the earth as a volume where God's judgments and his mercies are luminously recorded. I would strive to become a more earnest and intelligent Catholic, by interpreting what I see, and constrain each famous locality to give a voice and a soul to my dumb and spiritless recollections of history. Unfortunately, I loathe books and the in-doors pursuit of knowledge. I cannot profit in that school. I toil irksomely, and yet toil vainly. The restraints of scholarship are not sweet restraints to me. What I read seems but a bewildering mass of ill-strung facts. I would put life into it all, by making for myself a sacred geography of this very fearful earth. Dumb cities should speak to me, interpreting the past, and put threads into my hands whereby I might guide myself a little way, and with a timid soberness into the profitable labyrinth of prophecy. The earth surely has a Catholic geography, as well as a moral and physical one, and no less scientific; and if physical geography be one of the most alluring and fertile of all studies, what must Catholic geography be?"

In the above extract, the observant reader will not have failed to trace the identical model according to which Mr. Faber's book of "Sights and Thoughts" has been constructed. We here obtain a clue to that peculiarity of manner, with which we must become somewhat familiar before we can either relish its tone or appreciate its value. He continues:

"And what is history but the key whereby to open the cabinets of prophecy?"

"Yet," he replied, "it is hard to make the wards of that key fit; and keys will sometimes open locks they were not made for. Look at the extravagant profaneness which has of late years been exhibited in the bold handling of unfulfilled prophecy. Your method of reading the earth supposes a very considerable knowledge of the earth's history, as well as a meditative study of the Holy Scriptures; and how is this to be attained by a book-hater?"

"If I thought," I answered, "that I could thus constrain the old earth to prophecy to me, it would cheer me in my studies; pain and toil, and lean hunger, and aching vigil would be as nothing."

"But," he asked, "may you not find this in books, or put it together for yourself from books?"

"No," replied I; "the truth seems to evaporate when sealed up in a book. Men seal it up lest it should evaporate, and lo! the spirit has escaped already. Truth's dead body is left behind. Some men think that enough, and of course it *is* a solemn thing. But many men are the creatures of localized affections, and they must out upon the earth, or seek some Socrates and learn by the living world. What tran-

scendent greatness was in Socrates to write no books. Plato himself thought that men were better taught without them. Language is a perpetual Orphic song, says a poet; but it must have sound to be so. How mighty is the mystery of words! Does not the very phrase lead us to the confines of the most ineffable of all mysteries?"

"Yes," replied he, very solemnly; "let us not venture out upon that sea."

We beg the reader to associate the following passage with those at page 392 of our former article. The "Man of the Middle Ages" is made to say to our Protestant traveller—with what degree of consistency we will not stop to enquire—

"It is true that you cannot, with your views, recreate and fortify your mind with the public vespers of the Church [in Venice]; but you can use the ritual of your own land in private, and bind the observance of it by vow upon your conscience."

"Ah!" replied I, "yet what a blessing it would be if we could enter that church and kneel among its worshippers. There is a spell in sacred music which unbinds the soul and calms it, as though the Spirit went forth in the sweet sounds, and breathed an absorbing breath upon you."

"Of course," said he, "the blessings of unity meet you at every turn, and this you cannot have. Yet I do not see what hinders that you should use these foreign churches as oratories for your private prayers, especially for intercession for all estates of Catholic men. Besides, there are whole services, or well nigh whole ones, in which you could join. Surely it is something to have a consecrated building, where God is, and angels, and a holy host, and many kneelers, and the sight of priests, and the voices of instruments, and the admonition of bells. These surely are not little things."

"No," said I, "indeed they are not. How can any thing be little which has to do with Christian practice? How can any thing be little which cleaves even to the outermost buttresses of the holy Church?"

Mr. Faber's remarks upon the historian of the council of Trent, are bold, unsparing and just, to the very letter.

"The character of Paolo Sarpi shows how opinions (and so the holders of them) become debased when held for any length of time in a party way, and speaking without a legal mouth. Ranke, in condemning as an exaggeration the idea that Paolo Sarpi was a Protestant, says, 'it would be difficult to define to what form of Christianity he was inwardly attached; it was one often held in those times, especially by men who had devoted themselves to the *physical sciences*, a religion bound by none of the established systems, original speculation, but neither absolutely defined, nor completely wrought out.' From this it would follow, and did actually follow, that the spirit of complacent indifference in Paoli Sarpi was stirred up to a vehement and bitter hatred of *authority*, as interfering with and controlling his literary eclecticism; and with a system not afraid, as an authoritative system never is, of its conclusions, witnessing against a temper of mind so unhappy, and so little penetrated with true religious feeling. It is said of him that the most determined and irreconcilable hatred of the secular influence of the papacy, was probably the only passion he ever cherished, and that it was whetted by the refusal of a bishopric, attended by some mortifying circumstances. Thus what had been belief, pious, energetic, pure, obedient, quicksighted, hopeful, in Cardinal Contarine, became literary opinion, cold, lifeless, unpractical, unreal, scholastic, disobedient, in Sarpi. It exemplifies the natural degeneracy of unauthoritative schools within a Church. Faith has ever a tendency to become attenuated into mere opinion, where it has not supernatural 'coignes of vantage,' whereto it may cling. The public acts of the Church in teaching, or devotion, or ascetic observance, are alone those coignes of vantage. There is no instance of an authoritative school beginning well which did not end badly, if it was not incorporated into the system of the Church, either by tacit approval, or public recognition. The history of the papacy and its relations with the religious orders, is full of exemplifications of this.

"It is to be feared that we have among ourselves some characters analogous to that of Paolo Sarpi; especially among the most

thoughtful and intelligent of the laity. There are men who feel an ill-tutored and impatient weariness of verbal controversies, and see nothing providential, either in the way of trial or chastisement, in the doubt and uncertainty which attaches in these days to every (?) religious system. They arrive at their religious notions, not so much from having found their way thither by modest and unobtrusive works, from holy practice being guided to sound doctrine, but rather propelled by the discomfort of unsettled opinions on grave subjects, which will intrude even into the library of the man of letters! They have tried in the balance of reason, and by the test of revelation, the unreal system of impulses, sentiments, and motives, so long considered as the exclusive representative of the Gospel, and which has been found wanting, hollow, wordy, cheerless, inconsistent, delusive. They have next examined the claims put forward on behalf of the Church, in defence of her authority, mysterious gifts and supernatural prerogatives. But they have been disappointed and petulant that a claim of authority is put forward, and yet that definite and distinct certainty, if not infallibility, is not given in reward for the submission of the intellect. They are out of humor at discovering that these prerogatives, so great in name, so soothing in sound, are clouded over, and that we have to fight through baffling mists in order to find and identify the springs. They do not see moral discipline in this, or a divine chastisement, of which the awful divisions of Christendom give a mournfully sufficient explanation. The result is a kind of literary suspension between England and Rome. So much is involved in joining the latter, that they have not boldness enough for it. It is that which keeps them back, not allegiance to their English mother. Added to which is a recoil in favor of Rome from the discovery of the base and ribald character of popular controversy. The unreasonable generosity of their temper feels, as it were, bound to make up to Rome for this foolish, and to us very perilous injury. Their turn of mind also shows them the general beauty of the Roman system, and the particular beauty which lies in the lap of each Roman error, while they have no time or taste for examining the multitudinous details of indictment brought by Anglican doctors against Rome; and they see that, at any rate, the outward face and frame of that indictment is highly scholastic, and therefore likely to be unreal. I know and love some, to whom, should these words meet their eyes, I would suggest whether they have not tried to learn doctrine in a way to which no blessing is promised; whether they have not began in their libraries, rather than in their oratories (for in truth a library is but a profane place, if it be not an oratory also); whether their sins have deserved that they should be free from doubt or have unclouded views; whether they have not sought soothing medicines, rather than a rougher, but safer healing, and are endeavoring to allay the disquiet of the head, rather than feed the cravings of the heart? Let them contemplate themselves, as in a glass, in the character of Paolo Sarpi. Let them see and beware of the moral temper which is generated by a literary theology. They seek indifference for its dignified composure; and lo! it brings with it man's most disturbing passion, in its basest form,—a hatred of spiritual authority. It will not be consistent in logic, but it will be consistent in temper for these men to enter Rome, at last, by the very gate where they have been ashamed that their enemies should speak with them heretofore, the gate of infallibility."

Mr. Faber has run a vigorous parallel between the missionary and the monk; it reminds one of St. Chrysostom's celebrated contrast between the king and the monk. Here it is.

"A good missionary is a character of great religious dignity, and deservedly high esteem in the Church. In many cases, he is absent for an indefinite number of years, fixed in a region where there is not only no historical interest to afford subjects of thought to an ecclesiastical scholar, but not even civilization. He is often quite alone, except invisibly. Yet is his loneliness less irksome, from the very necessity of action; and it is a harder task, more difficult to flesh and blood, to ride tranquilly at anchor

in a monastery, than to be an isolated missionary. The monk and the missionary have two very different offices, except where the monk foregoes his monastery, as many have done, and received the crown of martyrdom. But for the most part the missionary has to extend the frontier of the Church, or to recover its lost possessions; whereas the office of the monk is to keep the heart of the Church pure, to inform it with intelligence, to detain by intercession jealous blessings ready to withdraw themselves, because they are slighted or abused. People who never tried them say that lives of monastic penance are easy to be passed. No; amidst the joys of marriage and the pretty science of young children, and the friendly looks of a kind neighborhood, it is easy to write off a life of penance in a few sentences; but who would in calm reflection, expand the years of solitary weariness, of hardship, and mortification, of wakeful scholarship and perpetual prayer, unvisited by a softness or a joy beyond what a bird or a tree, or an unusually blue sky may bring him, with a trust in Christ, as pure, complete, and self-abandoning as theirs who so write, and a knowledge of his Christian liberty as clear and enlarged;—who could expand all this out of the few current phrases into which it is compressed, and not confess that it was harder to be a monk than a missionary? And for the estimation of it, let people account whether monastic teachers of theology, such as the princely and erudite Benedictines, take not that 'special' rank St. Paul speaks of as the 'double honor' due to the presbyters who labor in the word and doctrine. O let us not, at least, condemn virtues as alloyed with impure doctrinal motives, when the truth is that we have not the heart, the hardihood, or the love, to prosecute such virtue ourselves."

There is no subject, however apparently unconnected with the purpose of his mission, which Mr. Faber cannot render subservient to his purpose. Witness the following:

"Francis I was *great* because he revived, at countless cost, expired chivalry in his own person. But all revivals of things which have no intrinsic life are but splendid falsehoods. Now chivalry had at no period any life of its own, but only as far as it was moored alongside of the Church. When apart from the Church, like freemasonry, &c., it was an attempt to improve the manners of the times, and establish a code of morals upon a basis which can never be the foundation of a massive edifice. The broad stone of honor sank into the earth, when it ceased to rest itself against the corner-stone of the Church."

"*Ex pede Herculem,*" was the criterion of an acute observer of the olden time, and such phrases as the following, are sufficient evidences of Mr. Faber's deep antiquarian spirit, and of his power of identifying himself with the objects of his research.

"At our feet, crouched like a living creature, lay 'Genoa the superb,' blazing with white houses, her crescent port, her domes, her towers, her palaces, that are, each and all, *old pages of history, torn from some illuminated manuscript of the middle ages,* and whereon the illuminations are well nigh faded or effaced, by time and violence."

Speaking of England, he says: "amidst many moral blemishes, her better characteristics are caution, sobriety, and a kind of natural honest inability to hold any sentiments, opinions, or beliefs, without commuting them into practice, and *tessellating them, so to speak, into the ground-work of daily life.*"

From the fact that Mr. Faber has taken a prominent place among the leaders of the new religious movement, and that his book is already a scarce one, the first impression having, it is said, been disposed of in the course of a few weeks, we have been more liberal in our extracts, anxious to afford our readers sufficient materials for judging of the tone and spirit of this very remarkable volume. The object of the Oxford party is, to use a phrase of Mr. Faber's, "to work their system into the popular mind;" nor could they have chosen a writer better calculated than our author to carry out their purpose. His extensive reading, his masterly command of language, and above all the enthusiasm of his temperament, chastened, however, and subdued by his finished

scholarship and by the logic of which he is no unpractised master, render him in every respect qualified for the mission upon which he has been sent. Who will not look forward with more than common interest to his promised "Sights and Thoughts" in Jerusalem, as preparatory to his visit to the eternal city? The movements of such a mind are influential, and we shall watch them with care.

SOUTHWELL'S POETRY.

BY W. JOS. WALTER, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE," ETC.

OUR readers have already admired the character of Southwell as a martyr; his distinction as a Christian poet will appear from the following portions of his writings. His object in composing these poems is stated in a prefatory address to "his loving cousin."

"Poets, by abusing their talents, and taking for their subjects the follies and feignings of love, have so discredited the faculty that now-a-days, a poet, a lover and a liar, are almost synonymous terms. But the Almighty himself was pleased to deliver many parts of Scripture in verse, and his apostle wishes us to exercise our devotion in hymns and spiritual songs; hence we have warrant that the art is good, and its use allowable. Our Blessed Lord himself, by making a hymn the conclusion of his last supper, and the prologue to the first pageant of his passion, gave his spouse a method to imitate, as she has done, in the offices of the Church, and to all men a pattern to know the true use of this measured style. But as the evil one affected deity, and would have all the accompaniments of divine honor applied to his service, so has he, among the rest, possessed most poets with his idle fancies. For, in place of serious and devout matters, to which in duty they owe their abilities, they busy themselves in expressing such passions as only testify to what unworthy affections they have wedded their wills. Now, as the best course to let them see the error of their works, is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together, to invite some more skilful hand to produce a fitter piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue agree together.* In the meantime, my good cousin, with many good wishes I send you these few ditties; do you add the tunes, and let them, I pray you, form still a part in all your music."

His poetic apology, also, for courting the muses, is so pleasing, that he must be a stern censor indeed, by whom it would not be admitted.

THE POET TO HIS READER.

Dear eye that deignest to peruse my style,
With easy censure deem of my delight;
The soberest brow has sometimes leave to smile,
And gravest wits to take a breathing flight.
Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime;
But wearied minds for mirth must have a time.

The lofty eagle soars not still above,
High flights will force him from his wing to stoop;
Men must at times too studious thoughts remove,
Lest, by excess, before their time they droop.
In lighter studies, 'tis a sweet repose,
With poet's pleasing vein to temper prose.

Profane conceits, and fainting fits I fly,
Such lawless stuff doth lawless speeches fit;
With David, verse to virtue I apply,
Whose measure well with measured words doth fit.
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in virtue's key tunes nature's string.

* The following is from a pleasing tribute to Southwell:

"The muses' fount is hallowed by thee,
And Poesy baptised Divinity;
Which most prevails, thy wit or grace divine,
We know not: but the grace of wit is thine."

Southwell's tact lies in his power of illustrating some moral truth by simple, yet apt and pleasing imagery. Take an instance. The maxim,—"Scorn not the least,"—is thus enforced by pretty analogies drawn from familiar objects.

Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier foes assault, than friends defend,
The feebler part puts up with enforced wrong,
And silent, sees what speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, that little stars will shine.

While pikes range free, the silly gudgeons fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by:
These float in freedom, while those fill the dish.
There is a time e'en for the worm to creep,
And suck the dew, while all his foes do sleep.

The falcon cannot always soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that height on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn *his* fate unto his foe;
Though Lazarus pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven,—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowrets fade away.

Of the same character is the charming little illustration of the "Dangers of Delay."

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Use thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails make little course,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's leisure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After-wit is dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thy hold or else beware,
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is bare.
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek the salve while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;
After-cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, but rarely chancing.
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

Drops will pierce the stubborn flint,
Not by force, but often falling;
Custom kills by feeble dint,
More by use than strength enthralling.
Single sands have little weight,
Many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs with ease are bent,
Aged trees break with bending;
Young desires need small restraint,
Growth will make them past amending.
Happy man, betimes to knock,
Babel's babes against the rock!

But, independently of their merits in a moral point of view, these poems abound in rich poetic imagery, and possess a felicity of expression, and a harmony of versification, rare in the productions of this period. We give an instance or two from pieces not quoted by us in full. Addressing Martha and Mary, he says:

Ye sister nymphs, the sweet renownéd pair,
Who blessed Bethania's bounds with your abode;
Shall I infect that sanctified air,
Or stain those steps where Jesu breathed and trod?

Again: how sweet this opening address to the Holy Innocents:

Joy, infant saints, cropped in the tender flower!
Long is their life, that die in blissful hour;
Too long they live, that live till they be nought:
Life saved by sin is purchase dearly bought.
Your fate the pen of angels should rehearse:
Whom spotless, death in cradle rocked asleep;
Sweet roses mixt with lilies strewed your hearse,
Death virgin-white in martyr-red did steep.

What can be more apt and beautiful than the following image in "St. Peter's Plaint."

The mother sea, from overflowing deeps,
  Sends forth her issue by divided veins,
Yet back her offspring to their mother creeps,
  To pay the purest streams with added gains;
But I, who drank sweet drops from fount supreme,
Repaid the Giver with polluted stream.

We give a specimen of his devotional poetry, which, though marked by all the quaintness of the age, has great force and concentration of thought.

LIFE'S DEATH—LOVE'S LIFE.

Who lives to love, loves least to live,
  And doth each moment rue,
Apart from Him, for whom he lives,
  To whom all love is due;
Who for our love was pleased to live,
  And more content to die;
Who loved the ransomed more than life,
  And love with life did buy.

Let us *in* life, yea, *with* our life,
  Requite his living love;
For best we live, when least we live,
  If love such life reprove.
True lovers here are ill at ease;
  Extremes must disagree:
Love where it loves, life where it lives,
  Alone at rest can be.

Then, since love is not where it lives,
  Nor liveth where it loves;
Love hates the life that holds it back
  From what it most approves.
Mourn, therefore, no true lover's death,
  'Tis life breeds his annoy;
And when he taketh leave of life,
  Then love begins his joy.

The most considerable poem in Southwell's collection is entitled, "St. Peter's Plaint," or lamentation after his fall. It has many vigorous stanzas, and some touches of the pathetic, by no means unworthy of the Shaksperian age. Our limits will allow but of some extracts, but they will be of a kind not to destroy the symmetry of the composition.

ST. PETER'S PLAINT.

The Author to the Reader.

Dear eye! that deignest to let fall a look
  On these dear memories of Peter's plaints,
Muse not to see some mud in clearest brook—
  They once were brittle mould who now are saints.
Their weakness is no warrant to offend;
No; from their faults learn thou thine own to mend.

If Justice' even hand the balance held,
  When Peter's sins and ours were made the weights,
So small his share, compared to what we yield,
  His bark would groan to feel some sinner's freights.
So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud:—
The world doth wax in ill, but wane in good.

This makes my mourning muse dissolve in tears,
  For this my heavy pen doth plain in prose:
Christ's thorn is sharp, no head his garland wears;
  Our finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose.
In Paynim lays the sweetest veins are spent,
Few have to Christian works their talents lent.
Favor my wish, well-wishing works no ill,
I move the suit, the grant rests in your will.

St. Peter speaks.

Let me give vent to my o'erchargéd breast,
  Let bitter grief find issue at these eyes,
Till tears wash out the stain by sin impressed,
  And peace once more be won by plaints and sighs:
Foul was my trespass, and let tears not few
Baptize my spotted soul with weeping dew.

Vain my vaunts, I vowed, if all friends failed,
  Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide;
Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quailed,
  Exceeding none but in untruth and pride.
Such is the distance 'tween high words and deeds;
So rare in proof the mighty vaunter speeds!

What trust in one that Truth itself defied?
  What good in him that did his God forswear?
How can I live that thus my Life denied,
  What can I hope, that lost my Hope in fear?
Fears without cause, fears feeling no mishaps;
O fond delusion, miserable lapse!

Ah, fear! abortive imp of drooping mind,
  Self-overthrow, false friend, root of remorse;
Swift in foreseeing ills, in shunning blind,

Foiled without field, by fancy, not by force.
Ague of valor, phrenzy of the wise,
True honor's stain, love's frost, the mint of lies.

Could servile fear of rendering nature's due,
Which growth in years perforce must shortly claim,
So thrall my love, that I could thus eschew
Avowéd death, and miss so fair an aim?
Die, die, disloyal wretch, thy life detest,
For saving thine thou hast forsworn the best.

Ah, life! sweet drop, drowned in a sea of sours,
A flying good posting to doubtful end;
Still losing months and years to gain new hours,
Fain, to me to have and spare, yet forced to spend:
Thy growth decrease; a moment all thou hast,
That's gone ere known; the rest to come or past.

The mother-sea from overflowing deeps,
Sends forth her issue by divided veins;
Yet back the off-spring to the mother creeps,
To pay in purer streams with added gains;
But I, who drank sweet drops from fount supreme
Repaid the Giver with polluted stream.

Ah, whither was forgotten love exiled?
Where did the truth of pledge and promise sleep?
What in my breast could fester thoughts so wild?
Why through my soul such foul suggestions creep?
O shameful foil! a simple maiden's breath
Could blow my courage down, and work my death.

In Thabor's joys how fain was I to dwell,
An earnest friend while favor's light did shine;
But when eclipséd glory prostrate fell,
This heat of zeal to sleep I did resign.
Thrice, in his care, sleep closed my careless eye,
Presage that Him my tongue should thrice deny.

Parting from Christ, my fainting force declined;
With lingering foot I followed him aloof;
Base fear from out my heart his love unshrined,
High in high words, but impotent in proof.
It seemed my vaunts 'neath Sampson's locks were born,
Yet, like those locks is all their vigor shorn.

Titles I made untruths. Am I the rock,
That with so soft a blast was overthrown?
Am I fit pastor for the faithful flock,
To guide their souls who murdered thus my own?
A rock of ruin—not a rest to stay;
A pastor—not to feed, but to betray.

Thou wakeful bird, rebuker of my crime,
Faithful remembrancer of dastard fears,
Be thou the daily larum of the time,
When stinted eyes should pay their debt of tears.
Upbraid mine ears with thy accusing crow,
To make me rue what first it made me know.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
In them I read the ruins of my fall,
Their cheering rays that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guilty thoughts poured floods of gall;
Those heavenly looks that blessed what they beheld,
Looked terror, and at check my spirit held.

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,
The earthly heav'n where angels joy to dwell,
How would you deign to view my deathful plight,
Or let your heavenly beams look on my hell?
But those pure eyes did so encounter mine,
As spotless sun doth on pollution shine.

Sweet volumes, stored with learning fit for saints,
Where blissful choirs imparadise their minds;
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all—yet seeking all it finds.

Ah, wretch! how oft have I sweet lessons read
In those dear eyes, the registers of truth;
How oft have I my hungry wishes fed,
And in their happy joys redressed my ruth.

Those eyes whose glances are a silent speech,
In cyphered words high mysteries disclosing;
Which with a look all sciences can teach,
Whose texts, to faithful hearts need little glozing.

Ye suns, all but yourselves in light excelling,
Whose presence day, whose absence causes night;
Whose neighbor course brings summer, cold expelling,
Whose distant periods freeze away delight.

Twice Moses' wand did strike the stubborn rock,
Ere stony veins would yield their crystal blood;
From eyes like thine sufficed a single look
To make my heart gush out a weeping flood.

Ye beams of mercy bent on sorrow's cloud,
Pour suppling showers upon my parchéd ground;
Bring forth the fruit to your due service vowed,
Let good desires with good effects be crowned.
Since sin did grace of riper growth devour,
Water reviving virtue's tender flower.

Weep balm and myrrh, ye sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gems perfume and pearl your rine;
Gather your honey-drops, ye busy bees,
A barren plant, no precious store is mine.

If David, night by night, did bathe his bed,
Esteeming longest days too short to mourn;
Tears inconsolable if Anna shed,
Who in her son her solace had forgone;
Then I, to days and weeks, to months and years,
Do owe the hourly meed of stintless tears.

My eye reads mournful lessons to my heart;
My heart doth to my thought the grief expound,
My thought the theme doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the message in mine ear doth sound;
The ears back to the heart their sorrows send,
Thus circling griefs run round without an end.

My guilty eye seems still to see my sin;
All things are characters to spell my fall:
What eye doth read without, heart rues within;
What heart doth rue, to pensive thought is gall,
Which when the thought would by the tongue digest,
The ear conveys it back into the breast.

My comfort now is comfortless to live
In orphan state, devoted to mishap;
Rent from the root that sweetest fruit did give,
I scorn to graft on stock of meaner sap;
No juice can joy me, but of Jessie's flower,
Whose heavenly root hath such reviving power.

With mildness, Jesu, measure mine offence;
Let true remorse the vengeance due abate;
Let tears appease where trespass doth incense;
Let pity temper thy deserved hate;
Let grace forgive, let love forget my fall,
With fear I crave, with hope I humbly call.

Redeem my lapse with ransom of thy love,
Traverse th' indictment, rigor's doom suspend;
Let frailty favor, sorrow's succor move;
Be thou thyself—though changling I offend.
Tender my suit, cleanse this polluted den,
Cancel my debts—sweet Jesus, say, Amen!

Among other poems is a poetical commentary on the texts of St. Matthew: "When Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately." The poet represents Joseph as determined to leave her, and thus beautifully describes the conflict in his mind.

Alas! and was my love so lightly prized,
And was our solemn pledge so soon forgot?
Could vows so plighted, be so soon despised,
Could such a spouse be stained with such a spot?
O wretched Joseph, that hath lived so long,
Of faithful love to reap such grievous wrong?

Could a foul worm breed in so sweet a wood?
Could in such chaste demeanor lurk untruth?
Could ill lie hid where virtue's image stood,
Where hoary sageness graced such tender youth!
Where can affiance rest, to rest secure,
In virtue's fairest seat where faith's not sure?

All proofs did promise hope; a pledge of grace
Where good might have repaid the deepest ill;
Sweet signs of purest thoughts in saintly face,
Assured the eye of her unstainéd will;
Yet 'neath this outward lustre seems to lie
Concealed a failing of the darkest die.

But Joseph's word shall never work her woe;
I wish her leave to live, not doom to die;
Though fortune mine, yet am not I her foe,
She to herself less loving is than I.
The most I wish,—the least I can, is this,
Since none may save, to shun what is amiss.

Exile my home, the wilds shall be my walk,
Complaint my joys, my music mourning lays;
With pensive griefs in silence will I talk,
Sad thoughts shall be my guides in sorrow's ways.
Such course best suits the disappointed mind,
That seeks to lose what most it joyed to find.

One foot he often setteth out of door,
The other loath uncertain ways to tread;
He takes the fardel for his needful store,
He casts the inn where first he means to bed:
But still, ere he can frame his feet to go,
Love winneth time, till all concludes in "No!"

Sometimes, grief adding force, he doth depart,
He will against his will, keep on his pace;
But strait remorse so worketh in his heart,
That hasting thoughts yield to a pausing space:
Then, mighty reasons press him to remain,
She whom he flies doth win him home again.

But when his thought at sight of his abode,
Presents the sign of his presumed on shame,
Repenting every step that back he trod,
He dries his tears and doth his weakness blame:
Thus, warring with himself, a field he fights,
Where every wound upon the giver lights.

But who can fly from what his heart doth feel?
What change of place can change implanted pain?
The thought of health will not the sufferer heal;
Sick heart that shift no fits, shift rooms in vain:
Where thought can see, what helps the closéd eye?
Where heart pursues, what gains the foot to fly?

The following stanzas, in a piece entitled, "Man's Civil War," have much felicity of expression.

My soaring thoughts would fly to heaven,
And quiet nestle in the sky;
My bark would fain in virtue's haven,
Secure from storms at anchor lie:
But mounting thoughts are all weighed down
By heavy poise of mortal load,
And blustering storms deny my ship,
Safe anchor in that sheltered road.

The inward eye to heavenly sights
To draw the longing heart is fain,
When comes the world with its delights,
And bids it back to earth again.
Sad lot! when spirit, moulded free,
Becomes the feeble sense's prey;
Hard hap! when halves must disagree,
And the worse half the whole betray.

What wisdom hates will fancy love,
And overrule the feeble will;
Though wisdom with her frown reprove,
She leads her victim captive still.
Resisting first, at length I faint,
And from my firm resolves decline;
Though reason woo me to the saint,
Yet sense doth win me to the shrine.

The following is pleasing in its native beauty—*simplex munditiis.*

SEEK FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.

Soar up, my soul, unto thy rest,
Cast off this loathsome load;
Too long the date of thy exile,
Too tedious thy abode.
Graze not on worldly, withered weed,
It fitteth not thy taste;
The flowers of everlasting spring,
Do grow for thy repast.

Their leaves are stained in beauty's dye,
And blazoned with its beams;
Their stalks enameled with delight,
And limned with glorious beams.
Life-giving juice of living love
Their sugared veins doth fill,
And watered with eternal showers,
They nectar-drops distil.

These flowrets spring from fertile soil,
Though from uncultured field;
Unstinted is the heavenly growth
These happy regions bear;
Whose sovereign sweets, surpassing sense,
So ravish all the mind,
That worldly weeds he needs must loathe,
Who doth such flowrets find.

Southwell's "Profession of Philosophy" is easy and graceful, terse and vigorous.

I dwell in grace's court,
Rich in fair virtue's rights;
Faith guides my wit, love leads my will,
Hope all my mind delights.
From lowly vale I mount
To pleasure's highest pitch;
My simple garb true honor brings,
My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.
Enough I reckon wealth;
That mean the surest lot,
Which lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
And easy to fulfil:
I make the limit of my power,
The bounds unto my will.
I have no hope but one,
And that of heavenly reign;
This highest aim kept full in view
Will lower hopes restrain.

I feel no care for gold,
  Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me is all in all,
  Which grace affordeth health.
I clip high climbing thoughts,
  The wings of swelling pride;
Their fall is worst, that from the height
  Of greatest honor slide.

As shrouds of largest span
  The storm doth sooner tear;
I bear so low and small a sail,
  As freeth me from fear.
I wrestle not with wrath
  While fury's flame doth burn,
It is in vain to stem the stream,
  Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
  And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
  Into a quiet friend.
And taught by frequent proof,
  A tempered calm I find,
To be best solace to itself,
  Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
  My garb more fit than fine;
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
  Who, pampered, would repine.
As fly that courts the flame,
  Will singe his wings and fall;
So have they cause to blame
  Themselves, who seek love's thrall.

I envy not their lot,
  Whom favor doth advance;
I take no pleasure in their pain,
  That have less happy chance.
To rise by others' fall,
  I deem a losing gain;
All states with others' ruin built,
  To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calm
  Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
  How quickly she may frown.
And when, in froward mood,
  She proves an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come—
  Less loss to let her go.

The following rises into the sublime, and can boast of couplets whose vigor of thought and beauty of expression, can scarcely be equalled in the language.

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

Fair soul, how long shall veils thy graces shroud?
  How long thy exile here withhold thy right?
When will thy sun disperse this mortal cloud,
  And give thy glories scope to meet the light?
O that a star more fit for angels' eyes
Should twinkle here, not shine above the skies!

Thy ghostly beauty offered force to God,
  It chained him in the links of tender love,
It won his will with man to make abode;
  It stayed his sword, it did his wrath remove:
It made the rigor of his justice yield,
And crowned fair Mercy empress of the field.

This lulled our heavenly Sampson fast asleep,
  And laid Him in our feeble nature's lap;
This made Him under mortal load to creep,
  And in our flesh his Godhead to enwrap;
This made Him sojourn with us in exile,
And not disdain our titles in his style.

This bro't Him from the ranks of heavenly choirs
  Into our vale of tears and curséd soil;
From Paradise into a world of briars;
  From life to death, from bliss to tears and toil:
This made him wander in our pilgrim-weed,
  And taste our torments to relieve our need.

O soul, do not thy noble thoughts abase,
  To lose thy soul in any mortal wight;
Content thine eye at home with native grace,
  Since God himself is pleased to love the sight;
If with thy beauty God well pleased can be,
Base is thy love of any less than He.

Give not assent to muddy-minded skill,
  That deems the features of a pleasing face
To be the sweetest bait to lure the will:
  Nor valuing right the work of ghostly grace.
Let God's and angels' judgment win belief,
That of all beauty deems the soul the chief.

Queen Hester was of rare and peerless hue,
  And Judith once for beauty bore the vaunt;
But he that could the soul's endowments view,
  Would to the soul the palm of beauty grant.
Then, soul, out of thyself seek God alone:
Grace more than thine—save God's, the world hath none.

From the more cheerful and sprightly tone of the above, they might be regarded

as the effusions of a mind at ease. But, as we have had occasion to see, Southwell's lot was cast not "in the piping times of peace," but in a period of conflict and alarms; and there are portions of his poetry, which, in their severity of thought and solemnity of manner, bear the impress of the trying scenes amidst which they were composed. The following are of this character.

A COMPLAINT.

He that his mirth has lost,
  Whose comfort is to rue;
Whose hope is fallen, whose faith is crossed,
  Whose trust is found untrue;
If he have held them dear,
  And cannot cease to mourn—
Come, let him take his place by me,
  He shall not rue alone.

But if the smallest sweet
  Be mixed with all his sour;
If in the day, the month, the year,
  He feel one lightening hour,
Then rest he with himself,
  He is no mate for me,
Whose time in tears, whose race in ruth,
  Whose life a death must be.

The peace, the rest, the life,
  That I enjoyed of yore,
Were happy lot; but by their loss
  My smart doth sting the more.
The solitary wood
  My city shall become;
The darkest den must be the lodge
  To which for rest I come.

My tears shall be my wine,
  My bed the craggy rock;
My harmony the serpents' hiss,
  The screeching owl my clock.
Nor are the sorrows feigned,
  Wherein I starve and pine;
Who feels the most, shall think it least,
  If his compare with mine.

ON THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face yon picture hangs,
  That daily putteth me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
  That shortly I am like to find.
And yet, alas! full little I
Do think thereon, that I must die.

I often look upon that face
  Of Death, so grisly, foul and thin;
That skull, where gapes each hollow space
  Where living eyes had sometimes been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I see the label underneath,
  That telleth me whereto I must;
I read the sentence too that saith,
  "Remember, man, that thou art dust!"
And yet, alas! how seldom I
Call up the thought that I must die.

Continually at my bed's head,
  A hearse doth hang, and plainly tell
That I, ere morning, may be dead,
  Though now I feel alert and well.
And yet, alas! how thoughtless I,
Not to take heed that I must die.

The gown that I am used to wear,
  The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and antique chair,
  My easy and familiar seat:
All these do tell me I must die.
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
  And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
  And can I think to 'scape alone?
Ah no! I feel that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

Since none can 'scape Death's dreaded dart,
  Since rich and poor his beck obey;
If wise and strong, all feel his smart,
  Then how to 'scape shall I find way?
O grant me grace, great God! that I
My life amend before I die.

The prose productions of Father Southwell, are still more valuable than his poetry; we purpose to make them the subject of a future article.

From the Dublin Review.

RELIGION IN ENGLAND AFTER THE REFORMATION.

LET us now consider the character of the religion which succeeded to that, of which we have endeavored to trace a faint outline, and which had well nigh existed for a thousand years in these realms, and then see whether this new order of things was not even a fresh kindling of the wrath of God, and a still heavier chastisement for our sins, rather than a boon from Him, "who openeth his hand, and filleth with blessing every living creature;" whether it were not, of its very self, a curse that blighted wherever it touched, and an awful and distinctive token of the malediction of heaven—a malediction that carried with it this most miserable judgment also, that while it punished for past offences, it excited to new ones, so that the sinner has never ceased to add sin to sin.* Though in its course Protestantism swelled into a very deluge, which for a time swept every thing before it, both the altar and the throne; changing Carmel into a wilderness; converting a pleasant garden, abounding in many virtues, into a moral waste overgrown with thorns and briars; driving faith, hope, and charity from the sanctuary, and leaving us even to this day with "a land of closed churches, hushed bells, unlighted altars, unstoled priests, as if the kingdom were under an interdict;"† yet, all this came not at once, though it all sprang but from one sin. Like the fall of Adam, the unbridled passion of Henry cast its deadening shade over a whole empire, infused its poison into the veins of a whole race, and verified to the letter, that awful denunciation of divine vengeance, that "an unwise king shall be the ruin of his people."

True it is, that this "first born son of the reformation," came not in peace, but with a sword, and was indeed born for the fall of many; for he it was who, by severing the unity of the Church, removed the keystone from the arch, and exposed the whole structure to certain ruin; it tottered for a few short moments under the feeble props which a spurious and unnatural exercise of the power so lately usurped could supply, and then sunk into an utter and undistinguishable wreck.

Once that the covenant with Peter was violated, the only secure foundation for unity was torn up, and though every possible effort was made to repair it, no ingenuity could devise a substitute. The pride of innovation proved greater than its power; and act after act was in vain passed for "the repression and extirpation of all errors, heresies, and other enormities;" "for the conservation of the peace, unity, and tranquillity of the realm;" for abolishing "*diversity of opinions;*" for establishing "the most perfect unity and concord in all things, and in especial in the true faith and religion of God;" and though the whole power of the tiara was transferred to the crown,—which power the crown was nothing loth to exercise; and though it was backed by the civil authorities with fire and faggot at their command,—of which too, they in turn, were not slack to avail themselves; still diversity of opinions sprang up on all sides, and never ceased to occupy—often to elude all the vigilance of the royal inquisitor, and to baffle the most barbarous execution of the law. But the authority which was powerless for good, was soon found to be most apt for mischief, and the tyrannical and unflinching disposition of him who wielded it, acting upon the dastardly subserviency of the great ones of the land,—the caitiff descendants of the proud barons of England,—for the first time in the history of the country, laid all the liberties of the kingdom (which had been won with such heroic resistance to arbitrary sway) prostrate at the feet of the monarch, giving equal force to the proclamation of the sov-

* Wisdom iii, 28. † Faber's Foreign Churches.

ereign, and the parliamentary law of the realm. Nay, so abjectly submissive, so passively obedient did they become under the dawn of their new illuminations, and under the plastic hand of power, that they even passed a step in advance, and invested the *counsellors* of the king's successor, if he were under age, with the right of setting forth proclamations in his name, of the same authority as if issued by the king himself: and it was in virtue of this very act that the religion of the late reign was supplanted; that all the diversities of opinions, the errors, heresies, and other enormities which sacrificed the unity of the Church, the peace and tranquillity of the realm, and deluged it with irreligion, impiety, and sacrilege, were accomplished during the minority of the infant sovereign, who had succeeded to his more imperious, but less inconsistent father.

It was indeed to little purpose to pray to be delivered from schism, as they were ordered to do in the Litany of 1535, when they had wilfully run headlong into it; or, that all "perverse sects" might be avoided, when they had opened the broad road for their admission; or that they might "withstand the frauds and snares of their ghostly enemy," when they themselves had set the toils; or that they might "die in the very true Catholic faith," when they had not only most solemnly protested against it, and bound themselves by oath to abide in another, but had made the very profession of it high treason against the state! For is it not written that "the hope of the hypocrite shall perish" through his appointment "Who maketh a hypocrite to reign for the sins of the people?" And thus again did they earn the recompense that awaited them, and "the congregation of hypocrites was made desolate." That desolation came indeed with a rapid and appalling vengeance. It rent the veil of the sanctuary, but it had no better covenant to establish in its place. No, the covenant of God, the inheritance of Christ, his seamless coat, the pillar and the ground of truth, was treated with as little ceremony as an antiquated building, grown out of date and taste,—like one of those fashions which this capricious world of ours has decked herself out withal for a season, and then discarded as something of which it had grown weary because it lacked novelty, and which they had as good a right to change as to change the fancy of their vain apparel. What had, therefore, been venerated for its antiquity, for its majestic comeliness, its beauteous splendor, its happy adaptation to its purposes, for the associations which had grown up around it, and to which every succeeding age added new charms, and imparted a new interest, became despoiled of half its glory, contracted in all its fair proportions, and profaned in its most holy rites.

To give zest to the meagre fare which was now served up to the religious appetites of the people, in lieu of the sumptuous feast to which they had been hitherto accustomed, that discarded Church which had heretofore provided it with such a lavish hand, became the object of the bitterest antipathy. The dark unfeeling zealots, and ravenous extortioners, who were dividing the land between fanaticism and infidelity, "knew full well that the sword of the law could not have been wielded with such deadly effect against the holy and ancient religion of these islands, if that religion had not first been decried, abused, and maligned, until it appeared to the multitude a very moral monster. 'From the sole of its foot,' like its divine founder, 'to the top of its head, there was no soundness in it;' it was buffeted, abused, spit upon; it was covered with a mantle of derision; it was scourged, and drenched with vinegar and gall; the water of affliction entered into its very soul; and it was, when thus disfigured by a clamorous rabble, and seemingly abandoned by God, that the bigots and the fanatic cried out to the agents of the law and the sword,—'away with it, away with it.'"

Having crucified it, they buried it, and esteemed it dead, but after a long sleep, it has risen, like its divine author, from the tomb: and God grant that the sower may again cast the good seed around! May he open rivers in the high hills, and fountains in the midst of the plains; may he turn the desert into pools of water, and the impassa-

ble land into streams! and may he plant in the wilderness the cedar and the thorn, and the myrtle, and the olive-tree! (Isaias xli and liv.) May they again grow and flourish, and cast their shadow over the length and breadth of the land; and may the desolate cities be again inhabited!

The consequence of this total alienation from the ancient creed, was a new order of things that left nothing wherewith the imagination might assist the reason; no associations, no reminiscences; the poetry of religion driven from her precincts, the mysteries of faith departing from her, no warmth of affection in her heart, and consequently no glowing devotion in her prayers. It tore itself asunder from all former feelings and prepossessions; rendered the beautiful history of the English Church no better than a tale of fancy, and pronounced a verdict of condemnation against the greatest men that the nation ever produced, as well as against those to whom it was most deeply indebted. Not content with this state of internal desolation, it cut itself off from all sympathy with the rest of Christendom, and such was the fatuity by which the religious counsels of the country were thenceforth governed, that she appeared to be handed over to a judicial blindness in just punishment for her sins, a blindness which she has too faithfully transmitted from generation to generation: for her subsequent story has never presented one interesting feature; exercising no influence beyond her own isolated territories; undertaking no enterprise, either in the cause of civilization or Christianity; adding nothing to the store of religious knowledge, or of ecclesiastical history, but on the contrary, manifestly retrograding in her course. As a member of the Christian community, she was a withered and lifeless branch, stirred only from time to time by the strife of her own internal dissensions. Usually sunk in apathy and indifference, she has been only roused to a knowledge of her own existence by the spirit of angry contention within her own bosom; and even here she has been ever governed by external circumstances which belonged to the wretched concerns and interests of this world, and not of the next. In her infancy she cared little for doctrine or principle, provided she went wide enough from Rome, and established sufficient safeguards for the protection of the plunder which the abettors of the change were then enjoying; and, with this object in view, hostility to Rome was her best and surest resource. When the remembrance of Rome had been well nigh obliterated by a century of active persecution, the fears of a reaction in favor of the ancient creed, became a less powerful agent than the apprehension of an advance in the cause of innovation; for Puritanism was beginning its work, driving on its approaches both against Church and State, undermining all authority, both civil and religious, and threatening universal anarchy and confusion. A return to better principles was the obvious policy of all who felt an interest in averting the impending evil, or who venerated any of the established institutions of the country. It was not, therefore, surprising that an attempt should be made to infuse a new spirit into the Church, if it were only as an object of human policy; and to strengthen itself by drawing closer its alliance with the state, was its first and most natural impulse. The theory of the divine right of kings, and of passive obedience to their authority, was exalted into an article of Christian faith and employed as the engine most suitable to the purpose. For, with all its licentiousness of principle, breaking through all the trammels which had hitherto restrained the capricious exercise of the human mind, overleaping all the landmarks which their fathers had set, wandering into the wild regions of fancy, and emancipating itself from the thraldom of spirital authority, the new religion was not only as positive in its dogmas, and as determined to enforce them as the religion it had supplanted, but actually introduced one doctrine (while it discarded many which had long been held by all),—which no sect or denomination of Christians had ever yet defined as an article of faith,—a blind and passive obedience to the temporal sovereign. The identity of Church and state was a principle most serviceable to both, and each was but too anxious to enhance the power and privileges of the other. The natural

tendency of this condition of things was an approach to the more substantial, better defined, better understood, and more comprehensive doctrines which had been overthrown or remodeled, under circumstances which drove the new teaching to seek excuses for its transgressions in the necessities of the times, in which a spirit of protestation against Rome was the leading principle, and which almost alone governed it in its decisions during the period of transition and separation. The attempt, however, was a signal failure, and the external energies of a new and fanatical sect carried the day over a frail and tottering system, which evinced symptoms of decay in its very infancy, and which soon lost its force when it abandoned the only principles by which it could possibly retain it. From the restoration to the final extinction of exclusion and persecution on account of religious opinions, the Anglican Church lay like a dismantled log upon the waters, disfiguring the fair ocean by its unsightly bulk, a serious injury to other craft, and wholly incapable of righting itself. During this melancholy period of death-like inertness, she seems to have reduced Christianity, as far as possible, to the standard of heathenism. There was neither reliance on, nor respect for her authority; her doctrines were a paradox, and, for aught that any one believed of them, they might as well have been the mythology of the Greeks; her revenues were a mere maintenance for the priesthood, her festivals only an occasion for feasting and display; while she was wholly bereft of any real influence over the faith and morals of the people, and performed a very secondary part amongst the social or political relations of the kingdom. But this moral sleep was not to endure forever, and during these latter days, a long period of peace, ever favorable for calm religious inquiry, a more intimate and friendly intercourse with other countries, and a general stir in the Christian world, have conspired to turn her attention upon herself again, upon her own inanimate condition, and induce her to endeavor to inspire fresh vigor into her system, and raise herself to a more elevated sphere in the religious commonwealth. Yet, after every attempt, how little has been achieved! and, whatever commendations may be due to the actors in this work of regeneration, we must still predict its utter failure, because of the natural and radical defects of the principles upon which they work; and when the heat of this singular controversy is over within the bosom of a Church which has adopted unity of belief as an essential token of truth, and which has fenced its creed with all the powers at its command—the powers of the earth, pains, penalties, and disabilities; a controversy carried on by the most learned and most dignified of her sons, and one which has well nigh engaged the whole kingdom within the lists, and embroiled even the least contentious in the dispute, who can say that the cause of truth will have advanced even by a single step? Thus hath the modern Church of these realms, been ever travelling on the confines of two worlds, the one of folly, the other of wisdom; too often does she cross the borders to the former, never does she enter the latter. Her language, too, partakes of the character of her conduct; it is one which none can understand, farther than as it betrays the troubled and feverish condition in which she finds herself.

From the clear, distinct, and definite ideas attached to the authoritative decisions of the Catholic Church, and which ever held her in a real and practical unity both of faith and discipline throughout the land, and joined her in communion with all the orthodox and united Churches in the world, we must now fain be content with "the ambiguous formularies," as they call them, of the wretched system which has been substituted in its stead. They themselves tell us of the "perplexing embarrassment" so prevalent amongst them on doctrinal points; we hear of nothing but "the perplexity of controversy;" of "conflicting opinions;" of articles which, as to any intelligible meaning, are still in a state of transition, and, after a discussion of three hundred years, as little likely to find any fixed interpretation as if they had never been discussed at all; the Church not knowing how even "strictly to determine the

number of the sacraments,"—those "justifying rites, or instruments of communicating the atonement;"—and of a new "understanding of the Church and her system, in a way different from one of late popular." The doctrines of eternal truth are still fashioned according to "the necessities of the times;" the whole Church is divided within itself into high and low,—at one time imbued with a spirit of Erastianism, at another with Calvinism; while a *via media* is recommended by some as a cure for all her evils,—for "doctrines popularly misunderstood," for "internal disunion paralyzing her efforts and wasting her energies." They tell us of her "maimed condition;" of her want of holiness sufficient to mark her out visibly as a true living branch of the holy Church;" of her possessing perhaps "the rudiments of everything, but *nothing* developed, so that it should at once be 'manifest' to all, 'that God is in her of a truth;'" of "manifold divisions amongst themselves, contending upon points which they, on one side at least, state to be fundamental,"—"bandying about the name of heresy,"—and "casting out the names 'of brethren' as evil;" of "the impossibility of understanding each other, or making themselves understood;" of a state "more like the confusion of Babel," than that "city which is at unity in itself," and "in which it was promised that there should be one speech and one language;" of "the laity having thus far no living guide, 'the lips of the priest' not 'teaching knowledge' for them—for persons whom they alike respect, teach them differently, and one of the two great classes of teachers tells them often that the other is in fatal error;" of "our poor frail nature (being) fretted often, instead of being humbled by what is so unseemly," so "that persons have difficulty in recognizing a Church so disturbed, as the representative of her who is 'the pillar and the ground of truth;'" of her "not possessing the note of holiness, so as at once, and without all doubt, to allay people's misgivings about her apostolic character;" of one party in the Church stigmatizing the other as 'the troublers of Israel;'" of "the censures or admonitions of their bishops tending rather to unsettle persons in their Church than to convince and correct;" of "antagonist principles" at work in the same body, and yet schism considered as no sin—dissension as no evil token. We hear the working of one party declared by the other to be "tending to re-establish error rather than truth,"—her ministers to be "the instruments of Satan to hinder the true principles of the Gospel," "on the very verge of an apostacy from Christ," and "as teaching another Gospel," and consequently "that they ought to leave the Church," in which they were so teaching; "that nothing but evil came from them,"—"defacing the brightest glory of the Church, by forgetting the continued presence of her Lord," and fit only to be "singled out from the rest of our Lord's flock, as diseased and tainted sheep, who must be kept separate from the rest, lest they be corrupted." They tell us that their "intestine divisions (are) such that they disagree among themselves as to what the doctrines of the Church are, even as to the very sacrament whereby persons are made members of it;" of "their miserable disunion, and want of discipline;" of "their present confusion and disagreement as to the first principles of their Church, and their practical contradictions or neglect of them;" so that for the present at least "she can be no spectacle of a Church 'holding the faith in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace,' and that unity and peace seem to be the last characteristics which belong to her;" that the real teaching of the Church is not to be discerned amidst the multitude of opinions and teachings of her ministers, so that those who constitute the "mighty movement now swelling month by month, day by day, within the Church, have received a sectarian name, in itself a blot upon the Church," while they whose office it is to guide that movement into its legitimate channel, and to witness the doctrines of the Church, have allowed the leaders and abettors of that movement "to be entitled 'heretics,' for vindicating an article of the creed, and left it undetermined whether (these) or they who opposed that teaching, spake the mind of the Church," while "the chaos of con-

flicting opinions rolled onwards" unarrested. "What wonder," exclaims the original leader of the movement, and we exclaim with him, "if some are faint-hearted whether our Lord be in the vessel which is not only so tempest-tost, but whose very ship-men and pilots are so disunited, how or whither to guide her, 'neither sun nor stars appearing.'" And all this is but a consequence of the change.*

Let us now hear him who at first stood second on the list, but from being second is now first, having passed the original leader of the movement, as being perchance better qualified for the task, and having lately presented a splendid proof of his ingenuousness and sincerity: speaking, in his introduction to the famous Tract, No. 90, of the actual condition of the Church of England, after a chequered existence of three hundred years, but at a period when, if ever, she should have been walking in the ways of peace and light, in the full enjoyment of all the blessings of this peaceful and enlightened age: and yet what are his views? "It is a very serious truth," says he, "that persons and bodies, who put themselves into a disadvantageous state, cannot at their pleasure extricate themselves from it. They are unworthy of it; they are in prison, and Christ is the keeper. There is but one way towards a real reformation,—a return to Him in heart and spirit, *whose sacred truth they have betrayed;* . . . . our Church's strength would be irresistible, humanly speaking, *were it but at unity with itself:* if it remains divided, part against part, we shall see the energy which was meant to subdue the world preying upon itself, according to our Saviour's express assurance that such a house 'cannot stand.' . . . . Till we are stirred up to this religious course, let the Church sit still; let her children be content to be in bondage; let us work in chains; let us submit to our imperfections as a punishment; let us go on teaching through the medium of *indeterminate statements and inconsistent precedents,* and principles but partially developed.* We are not better than our fathers; let us not faint under that *body of death* which they bore about in patience; nor shrink from the penalty of sins which they inherited from the age before them." Another, and a very reverential personage, and a very eminent partizan of this movement, has favored us with the following commentary upon these observations, and which tend still more to develop the real and radically inefficient character of the Established Church—of a Church without law or grace. "Is Mr. Newman," says Mr. Ward, "*(so cautious and guarded in his statements as all admit him to be),* is he to be supposed to use words of such unprecedented strength as these, *without meaning* and *at random*? Or is it conceivable that he could use them, if he thought our articles fair and adequate exponents of Catholic truth? How could he speak and think as he does of the English reformation, if he supposed that the formulary then *originated,* was even *as* naturally susceptible of Catholic as of Protestant interpretation? No! he would acknowledge, and apprehend, that as it has been expressed, while it is *patient* of a Catholic, it is *ambitious* of a Protestant sense; that, while it was never intended to *exclude* Catholics, it was written by, and in the spirit of Protestants; that in consequence of it the English Church *seems* at least to give an uncertain sound; that she fails in one of her very principal duties, that of witnessing plainly and directly to Catholic truth; that she *seems* to include whom she ought to repel, to teach what she is bound to anathematize; and that it is difficult to estimate the amount of responsibility she year by year incurs, on account of those (claiming, as many of them do, our warm love for a zeal and earnest piety worthy of a purer faith) who remain buried in the darkness of Protestant error, because she fails in her duty of holding clearly forth to them the light of Gospel truth."†

Was such language ever used? was it

* See the charges of the bishops of Durham, Chester, Gloucester, Winchester, Calcutta, and of the archbishop of Dublin, as quoted and commented on in the Rev. Dr. Pusey's letter to the archbishop of Canterbury.

* Or, as it was expressed in the first edition, "with the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies."

† "A few words more in support of No. 90."

possible it ever *could* be used towards the ancient Church of these realms? But to that which has supplanted it, it applies with all the force of indisputable truth. Such, then, are her gains by the change! and such is the condition of the Anglican Church, as painted by those of her children who know her best, but which it is yet the boast and pride of most modern Englishmen to uphold as a model of perfection, and to glory in having substituted for the superstitions—as they in their frenzy and delusion call them—of the olden time.

The great unruly torrent of the sixteenth century, which in a day uprooted the united labors of many ages, was indeed a second deluge, not for the sudden destruction of one generation alone, but sweeping away the souls of men as quickly as they succeeded each other, for a period of time which still endures, and the termination of which, even after three hundred years of expiation, is known only to Him who afflicts us for the sins of our fathers and our own, until we confess our iniquities, and the iniquities of our ancestors, whereby they have transgressed against him, and walked contrary to him." (See Levit. xxvi.) And thus are we still visited with "the day of revenge;" and "who shall accuse thee, O Lord, if the nations perish which thou hast made?" "for thou shalt be justified in thy words, and shalt overcome when thou art judged."

Another consequence of the change, and a very important one too, has been, that it has disconnected its followers from all the saints and sages of venerable antiquity, and thrown us upon a dreary waste, in which the eye is refreshed neither by flower nor by fruit. It has cut them off from all affinity and relationship with any one saint in the calendar, whether native or foreign; from "spirits without a home and without a name" on earth, but who have inherited "an everlasting name" in the imperishable home of the blessed, for whom altars have been erected in every department of Christendom, and whose memories are enshrined in the hearts of all true believers. And what an unenviable position to be in! unable to claim any share in the glory of these illustrious saints—with as wide a gulph between them as between Lazarus and Dives—compelled to acknowledge the value of, but without any partnership in the property, unworthy and unwilling to worship in the same temples in which *they* proffered their holy orisons, and in which *they* sacrificed the adorable mysteries, (unless perchance desecrated by the overthrow of both shrine and altar)—they are condemned to stand aloof in silent admiration at the crowds of faithful votaries who daily come to supplicate their intercession, with a devotion to which *they* remain wholly insensible. Should they not feel humiliated at the spectacle? Should it not startle them into reflection on the cause?—that they should find strangers where they ought to meet brethren—that they alone should be sceptics where all others are true believers? Why! it is a blessed thing to be associated with such beings, even in the humble position of suitors for their protection. What a wayward spirit must have taken possession of their minds, that they see it not! Hath not the Lord in his wrath, mingled for them the spirit of a deep sleep, and shut up their eyes? (Isaias xxix, 10.) How otherwise should they not discern the futility of their principles, which they declare to be calculated for unity and Catholicity. For are they not disunited every where, even in their own house; and are they not Catholics only amongst themselves? Let them but pass the limits of their own shores, and they are at once strangers in the land; they encounter an angel with a flaming sword at the gate of every sanctuary, because driven from the blessed plains of paradise in virtue of their disobedience, they are condemned to hard and unprofitable labor amongst the thorns and briars, and to wander like outcasts upon the face of the earth. Victims to their infidelity, they are alike aliens to a steadfast faith, as to a quiet conscience, and are become the inheritors of a vineyard which ever baffles their skill and refuses its produce. Every hand is against them, and their hand is against every other; their days are days of warfare, and the battle never ceases within their borders.

Even when at her best, there is something

so little about the interests and concerns of a mere national, isolated Church, in comparison with the gigantic concerns of the universal, that the thought of her must ever fall short of satisfying the mind or filling the heart, as it is in the nature of our being, that they should desire to be filled and satisfied. Rome, on the other hand, has ever commanded a mysterious reverence, which, even in the days of temporal oppression and humiliation, has won her the sympathies of the world, and pointed to her as the future hope and refuge of all that was good and virtuous. The imagination ever lingers over her as on a sunny and a sacred spot; the cradle of Christianity, the nurse of empires both spiritual and temporal, the mother and guide of all the faithful in all the domains of God; fertilized by the blood of martyrs, sanctified by the piety of confessors, and rejoiced by the penitence of sinners. Armed with privileges, and with power never entrusted to any other city, with power to bind or to loose, to bless or to curse, the limits of her dominion circumscribed only by the utmost boundaries of the earth, with all the nations under the sun for her inheritance, she stands unrivalled and alone. Yet, all participation in the glory of this spiritual and mysterious kingdom has England likewise forfeited by her apostacy.

Even in matters of smaller moment, how strikingly are not the characteristics of the two religions portrayed! In Catholicity, the most delightful associations, like so many cherished friends, follow and accompany you at every step, as you advance in her long and varied course—the presiding genius over music, painting, and sculpture; over history, eloquence, poetry, and philosophy. While Protestantism, dating only from a period of unrivalled excellence in the arts, has, nevertheless, nearly, if not entirely discarded them from her service; she cleared the landscape of all its beauties, and left it cold, dull, dreary, and desolate. Contrast their respective ceremonials, the furniture, beauty, and decoration of their respective temples! What an imposing spectacle is a pontifical high-mass in St. Peter's, with all its gorgeous splendor and picturesque magnificence, under the glittering fane which the inspiring genius of Christianity hath lifted into the clouds of heaven! Does it not transport us from this world into the next, to the choirs of angels, the altar of incense, and the throne of the Lamb? Can we dwell with the same mind upon the cold, tedious, heartless, lifeless worship, in its naked and misshapen rival in the national Church? Again; when death hath summoned us to our final reckoning, and the Church is called upon to perform the last sad offices over the lifeless corpse, and for the departed spirit, in what a different feeling is it not accomplished! In Catholicity it is a real Christian function, a long and solemn line of cloistered monks and pious clergy, bearing the emblems of our redemption in presence of the corpse enveloped in a blaze of light, to tell of the hope of a blissful immortality,—all chanting in mournful cadence a requiem for the departed soul, propitiating heaven in mitigation of her penalties, praying that the justice of God may be satisfied, and that the repentant sinner may speedily rest in his eternal home! Then the propitiatory sacrifice offered up on the altar of the Most High, before a supplicating multitude, impressed by the appalling spectacle of death,—and we have a lesson for the living, and a blessing for the dead!

But, turn we to the same scene under the *reformed* religion, and what is it? Is there anything so sickening to the heart as a great London funeral? Not an emblem of Christianity about it; belonging entirely to this world, without any reference whatever to the next,—a long, long pageantry of *empty* carriages, in mere mockery of woe, and so singularly emblematical of the hollowness of the religion in whose service they are engaged! and when the poor, forlorn remains have been consigned to that grave which is but too truly "covered with the dismal shade of death," the final scene of the drama is still in keeping with the rest, and a monument is erected over them in a Christian Church, too often in total forgetfulness of heaven, recording only the deeds of earth, represented under the symbols of heathen mysticism.

All her religious services,—for the same may be said of all,—being thus lowered in

their character, and all her former religious associations being thus severed and lost, having descended from her proud pre-eminence in the commonwealth of Christendom, and faith, hope, and charity having each and all of them waxed cold and dim under the revolution of feelings, and war of principles, which, as we have seen, have never ceased to infest her, as the most fearful consequence of her schism; let us for a moment consider whether she has gained anything to compensate for all this, even among the transitory concerns of this fleeting world.

We have already seen what in this respect she was before the fatal epoch we have endeavored to illustrate; let us view her for an instant in her present condition. In lieu of monasteries, we have workhouses; in place of voluntary charity, an unfeeling compulsory assessment for the poor; jails are multiplied or enlarged, whole masses of the population are unemployed and starving; while vice and crime are increased beyond all former precedent, and discontent and turbulence reign throughout. We have principles of equality, where we had heretofore principles of subordination; a spirit of worldly ambition, and insatiable covetousness, where formerly was a chivalrous sacrifice of self, and a generous outlay of riches for the public good. Coarse, vulgar, riotous mirth have been substituted for the light-hearted, innocent amusements of the people; among the higher ranks, society is overgrown, and the best feelings of the heart are supplanted by pride, envy, hatred, emulation, and contention; while a universal, luxurious extravagance has dissipated the means of benevolence, and handed over half the ancient estates of the kingdom to the Jew and the stockjobber.

Still she has had her reward, and what is it? "The harvest of the river is her revenue: and she is become the mart of the nations; . . . her merchants are princes, and her traders the nobles of the earth." But with the reward of Tyre, may she not also inherit her chastisements?—"and the earth is infected by the inhabitants thereof: *because* they have transgressed the laws, THEY HAVE CHANGED THE ORDINANCE, *they have broken the everlasting covenant.*—THEREFORE shall a curse devour the earth, and the inhabitants thereof shall sin: and *therefore* they that dwell therein shall be mad, and few men shall be left." Long indeed have these prophecies been fulfilled amongst *us*—long have "the inhabitants of the island" been delivered over to a spirit of religious madness, and the faithful adherents of the ancient and everlasting covenant are but a few, a mere remnant of the inheritance of Christ.

RATRAMN, HIS TRANSLATOR AND EDITORS.*

SUCH is the title of an article that has lately appeared in relation to Ratramn's book, and is found in the *True Catholic, Reformed, Protestant* and *Free*, August, 1843, No. iv. Although it does not openly avow, it bears evidently on its face the intention of answering, right or wrong, some remarks on the same subject, published in the July number of the United States Catholic Magazine. Never perhaps did a controversial tract better deserve the praise of perplexed reasoning and almost unintelligible medley, than this late publication of our Episcopalian brethren; and we certainly have to congratulate the public for being favored with such a specimen of learning and precision. As all this, however, must be already known to every one who may have had the courage to read it from beginning to end, it is useless to insist any longer upon this point. But we deem it our duty, in order to render the article more interesting in itself, and easier of appreciation, to elucidate it by the following plain observations.

I. The author opens his remarks with a very polite compliment to Bishop Whittingham, whose preface he represents as a valuable production; which it is much easier

*See articles on this subject in the July and August numbers of this Magazine.

to assert, than to refute the charges brought against it in the Catholic Magazine. He then states, that the editors of a preceding article upon the book of Ratramn, in the June number of the so-called True Catholic, had "no opportunity to compare the translation with the original, throughout;" inasmuch as "merely the English sheets, and but a portion of the Latin, had gone through the press, at the time the article was composed." In the very title, however, of this same article, the book of Ratramn, together with the preface of Bishop Whittingham, is announced as *entirely* printed, and the aggregate number of pages, English and Latin, is stated. Had not the editors, then, an opportunity to compare one with the other; and ought not this comparison to have been previously made by the bishop himself, not to hazard his statement by proposing as *accurate* a translation which contains so many serious inaccuracies?

II. Our actual opponent does not proceed far in his remarks upon Ratramn, without contradicting his predecessors. Speaking of the book of Paschasius Radbertus, he makes "its peculiarity consist in its broaching the dogma of transubstantiation;"* while according to the June article of the same *true Catholic*† "in that whole book of Paschasius, there is nothing that favors the transubstantiation of the bread, or its destruction or removal!" Again, the English translator, in his preface, however ridiculously bold in declaring that Bellarmine adduces no authority and not a shadow of proof for his assertions, still candidly acknowledges that, according to this cardinal, Paschasius was not an innovator, but "the defender of the Catholic doctrine;" while,‡ here the words of Bellarmine are quoted, to convince us that Paschasius was the "originator" of the notion of transubstantiation! Let the gentleman reconcile these things, if possible, and imitate "that great reconciler of contradictions, Cardinal Bellarmine himself;" and let him understand well, once for all, the true meaning of the expressions of that great controvertist, who does not say that Paschasius was the first who wrote at all, but "the first who wrote *in a copious and systematic way* on the truth of the Lord's body and blood in the eucharist:" just as St. Athanasius was the first who wrote at length on the subject of the Trinity; St. Cyril the first who enlarged upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, and the unity of person in Christ; St. Augustine, the first who treated in the same manner the question of original sin. But, as the more ancient Fathers had often and clearly spoken of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation, of original sin, without writing particular and extensive treatises on these mysteries; so also, had they often and clearly mentioned, in different parts of their works, the real presence of Christ in the eucharist, together with the change of the bread and wine into his body and blood.* The task subsequently undertaken by Paschasius Radbertus, was no other than to collect their different testimonies concerning the holy eucharist in one regular treatise; a task which he performed with such success, as to deserve alike the praise of his contemporaries and that of future ages. This is the meaning of what Bellarmine says concerning Paschasius Radbertus, which our adversaries sometimes pretend or affect not to understand.

III. Neither do they understand any better, in several respects, the Catholic doctrine on the subject of the eucharist. 1. It is very true, that Catholics admit "the body and blood of Christ to be really and substantially present in the eucharist," for the nourishment or "the strengthening and refreshment of our souls;" according to these words of Christ himself; *this is my body, this is my blood,* (Matt. xxvi, 26, 28); *for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed,* (John vi, 56). 2. We believe also "a change to be made, by the consecration, of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood of Christ;" because, as our Lord, after he took bread

* *True Catholic,* No. IV, p. 180, first lines.
† No. II, p. 68, note *q*, first lines.
‡ No. IV, p. 179, last lines.

*See No. VIII of the Catholic Magazine, from p. 465 to 469.

and wine into his hands, declared that which he held, *to be his body and blood*, there must have been necessarily a change of substance effected, unless we would have him say what was not true and violate all the rules of language. 3. It is likewise a part of our doctrine, which we have received from St. Paul, (1 Cor. xi, 23, 29). "That the body of Christ is not only spiritually manducated by the faithful recipient, but also orally manducated by *all* communicants, worthy and unworthy;" *for*, says the apostle, *he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord*, (1 Cor. xi, 29). But, when we are told in the article now under consideration, that "the Roman, and the *Catholic* (meaning here the *Episcopalian*), equally maintain a real presence;" that "according to the Roman doctrine, ... there is in the eucharist whiteness and nothing white, sweetness and nothing sweet, &c." "and that *mere appearances* and properties *feed* the body, while the natural body and blood of Christ are digested in the stomach." All those are so many gross misstatements and inaccuracies, the ridicule of which must belong entirely to their authors and propagators.

As for Catholics, *in maintaining the real presence*, they do really maintain what the words mean; whereas the real presence admitted by their adversaries, is nothing more than *a real absence* of the real body and blood of Christ from the eucharist; and this is what our opponent ingeniously calls *real presence*.—Catholics are far from admitting the nonsense imputed to them, that there is in the eucharist "whiteness and nothing white, sweetness and nothing sweet;" they merely say that the color, savor, shape, &c. which remain after the consecration, are no longer attached to any substance.—Neither do they assert, that "mere appearances and properties feed the body;" but, that Almighty God being himself the author of transubstantiation, produces accordingly by his omnipotence, without the substance of bread and wine, exactly the same effects which, in other cases, he produces through the natural agency of these elements; and they know nothing more "contrary to common sense and all known philosophy," than to deny such a power in God, the Sovereign Creator of heaven and earth.* In fine, instead of the shocking assertion that "the natural body and blood of Christ are digested in the stomach," their doctrine, always consistent with itself, is merely this; that Christ ceases to be present under the species, as soon as they are so altered in the stomach, as to present no longer the form of bread and wine. We would here beg leave to give the author of the article a word of charitable advice, viz. to save himself in future the trouble of stating Catholic doctrines; because it is a task for the performance of which, to judge from the extent of his theological knowledge, he does not seem yet to be sufficiently qualified. Let him content himself with explaining his own tenets, *if he can;* these words we purposely add, because the manner in which he speaks of the eucharist, affords evidence enough that even the leading men among our dissenting brethren, although they may know what they believe not, surely do not know what they believe.

IV. Our *True Catholic* is truly a source of wonderment, for instance, when he quotes as a "learned *Roman* Catholic historian," the Jansenist Dupin, a writer frequently condemned and of no authority amongst us; when he charges *the Romanist* with having substituted, in Ratramn's book, *invisible for visible, accidents for substance*, without substantiating this vague charge even by a shadow of quotation from the book where this pretended alteration is said to be found; when he mistakes a copiousness and clearness of expression for tautology; when, without any citation, or any grounds, he calls forth "the best writers" and "lexicographers," to vindicate his faulty translation of the word *species* by the word *nature*, in different passages

* This remark is equally applicable to all the other circumstances of the mystery of transubstantiation; viz. the change of a substance without the external qualities being changed; the existence of outward appearances or accidents without a subject, &c. since faith and sound reason alike teach us that the Almighty can do infinitely more than our limited understanding can comprehend.

of the book of Ratramn. But, no where is he more amusing, than when, after having strained his utmost to prove this point from the book itself, he himself supplies us with the means of demolishing his whole argument. For, he confesses that the English translator of Ratramn sometimes gives the meaning *appearance* to the word *species*, as in sections 69, 72, &c.; why then, we will ask, does he not always give it, as in sections 16, 57, &c? How does it happen that *appearance* becomes *nature*, when the Latin word *species* is applied by Ratramn to what remains of the eucharistic elements after the consecration? Is it because "the context demands it?" Let then the *True Catholic Reformed* show what difference of context there is between sections 69 and 72 on the one side, and sections 16 and 57 on the other. Let him show how the context can possibly demand the rendering of the word *species* by *nature*, when Ratramn expressly teaches on the contrary, (sections 9 and 10), that, by the ministry of the priest, nothing remains of the bread and wine in the eucharist except their sensible qualities and outward appearances. Consequently, the Romanists are perfectly correct in imputing a serious fault to the English translator and all his abettors, for rendering the expression *species*, or *visibilem speciem*, by the word *nature*, "whenever Ratramn speaks of the eucharistic elements after the consecration."

V. Let us examine how the other charges of "unfaithfulness" against the translation sanctioned by Bishop Whittingham, are disposed of by our writer. They are expressed thus in the Catholic Magazine, No. vii, p. 416. "Another glaring alteration is (in section 15), the turning of *non esse cernuntur* into *evidently are not*, instead of *are not seen to be*, and the addition of the word *substance* to the words of Ratramn." Again: "the preceding paragraph, number xiv, presents another instance of egregious perversion of the sense, the less justifiable in our opinion, as it cannot be excused by any plea of ignorance in the translator;" viz. "the transfer of the syllable *not* from one verb to the other, whereby is removed or, at least, is considerably obscured the idea of transubstantiation which Ratramn clearly expresses." The manner in which the first of these charges has been answered, might appear incredible, were it not a reality. Our opponent, unwilling to acknowledge the fault of the translation, and wishing it to pass unnoticed, prints the very words complained of, *are not, corporeal substance*, in capital letters, and then goes on, with the hope that the improved quality of the type shall be deemed a sufficient indemnification for the alteration of Ratram's meaning. As to the second, he omits it altogether, and does not venture a word in reply: very prudently indeed, because the fault is of such a nature as to admit of no excuse, and the meaning of Ratramn which the translator has endeavored to conceal, is so plain in favor of transubstantiation, as to exclude the possibility of a cavil.

VI. After this, our controversial opponent lays a great stress upon the comparison used by Ratramn, between the eucharist and the manna or the water gushing from the rock in the desert, and considers this as a strong proof of his views concerning the book of that author. He might have avoided this trouble and mistake, had he paid more attention, 1. To the rule of criticism commonly laid down for comparisons which are sometimes used by writers, that they should not be understood too literally nor too closely followed, because, as the axiom says, "every comparison is defective, *omnis comparatio claudicat.*" 2. To the excellent remark of Mabillon, an author whose learning and authority "prejudice itself dares not deny." In his preface on the fourth Benedictine century, section 122, he says: "The meaning of an author, is not to be derived from a single argument, much less from a comparison, which is often defective; but from the subject of his discourse, from his principles, arguments and conclusion; all which, in the book of Ratramn, directly point to the Catholic faith, that is to say, to the doctrine of the true and real presence and of transubstantiation." *Neque enim auctoris cujusquam sententia expendenda est ex uno aliquo argumento, multò minus ex comparatione, quæ sæpius iniqua est: sed ex ipsius disputationis*

scopo, principiis, argumentis, et conclusione: quæ omnia in Ratramni libro collimant ad Catholicam fidem, id est, ad doctrinam veræ ac realis præsentiæ et transubstantiationis.—It having been confidently asserted by the *True Catholic Reformed*, (who is so strangely mistaken both *in jure* and *facto*) that Ratramn "stuck a pin" on the pretended innovations in Catholic doctrine, we are curious to know what kind of pin in his own views he would consider this passage of the learned and justly celebrated Mabillon.

VII. The victory to which he lays claim from two other passages of Ratramn's book, is still more groundless. The first is that in which Ratramn asks: "What outwardly appeareth, but the substance of wine?" *Quid aliud in superficie, quam substantia vini conspicitur?* (section 10), and here our adversaries exclaim: "Can any thing be more explicit?" Nothing indeed can be more so, but most assuredly not in the sense which they impute to the passage, viz. that the intrinsic substance of the wine remains in the eucharist after the consecration; it is plain, on the contrary, that Ratramn purposely uses the words, "*in superficie* substantia vini conspicitur, *outwardly* the substance of the wine appeareth," to restrict his meaning to the assemblage of sensible and exterior qualities, without including the inward substance of the wine, which he positively excludes by the words that immediately follow, as he had excluded the substance of bread in the preceding section: "Taste it, there is the savor of wine; smell it, there is the odor of wine; behold it, there is the color of wine. But if thou dost consider it inwardly, then it is no longer the liquor of wine, but the liquor of the blood of Christ." Can any thing, (we may with more reason ask in our turn) be more explicit?

But the ingenuity of our Episcopalian critic goes still further in his manner of distorting the last words of sect. 57; "non specie caro, sed sacramento. Si quidem in specie panis est, in sacramento verum Christi corpus, sicut ipse clamat Dominus Jesus, *Hoc est corpus meum.*" Taking it for granted that, "according to the Roman hypothesis, . . . by *sacramento* must be understood *appearances*, he manufactures from this ingenious discovery the oddest interpretation that could possibly enter the mind of any individual. But he does it at his own cost; for the Romanists never thought of translating the passage of Ratramn in the sense which he has so liberally attributed to them. They have merely proved, in a preceding article of this Magazine, that the translation of Ratramn adopted by the English and American editors, is faulty and absurd. This translation runs thus without the change of a syllable: "*The flesh*, which now in a mystery containeth the similitude of the former, *is not flesh in its nature*, but in a sacrament. For *in its nature it is bread*, but sacramentally *it is the true body of Christ*, as the Lord Jesus himself declareth, 'This is my body.'" Which means, *a flesh which is not flesh in its nature*, that is to say, no flesh at all; *a flesh which in its nature is bread*, and yet is also *the true body of Christ;* such is the contradictory, and preposterous language ascribed, not only to Ratramn, but in some measure to our Lord himself, whose words are quoted in support of Ratramn's pretended meaning. Such is the translation which the *True Catholic Reformed* praises and recommends; whilst he should observe, what is indeed plain enough of itself, that the only grammatical, logical and reasonable sense of this passage, the only one that can vindicate Ratramn from the charge of nonsense, and our Lord himself from a false assertion, (the declaration of that to be his "true body," which "in its nature is not flesh, but bread);" is undoubtedly to translate the words *in sacramento* by the corresponding ones *in the sacrament*, and *specie* by *visible form or appearance*, which it really means; as in the following manner: "The flesh, which now in a mystery containeth the similitude of the former (namely, of the flesh of Christ *crucified and buried*), is not flesh in appearance, but in the sacrament (or under the veil of the sacrament). For in appearance, it is bread; but in the sacrament, it is the true body of Christ, as the Lord Jesus himself declareth, "this is my body." Let the reader judge whether all this is in the least favorable to the Epis-

copalian view of Ratramn and of the eucharist, or rather is not decidedly in favor of the Catholic doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation. Yet, however conclusive it may be in itself, Catholics consider it merely as an additional and unnecessary proof, when compared with the mass of evidence which they otherwise possess. In No. 8 of this Magazine, the truth of this remark is substantiated by a multitude of incontestible authorities.

How little entitled, therefore, is our Episcopalian opponent to assume that tone of confidence and triumphant positiveness which appears chiefly in the end of his article, and to say that "he is not afraid to leave the subject in the hands of unprejudiced, well informed and discriminating men!" He is welcome to this assertion; and whether he advances the proposition without fear, we are unable to say; but one thing we know, it is, that Ratramn's book never will be of any service to his cause, and will rather prove for him and his colleagues what the pointed reed is to the hand that leans upon it for support.

Translated for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.

Continued from page 556.

LUCIUS was succeeded by St. Stephen I, a Roman, who was elected on the ninth of April, 255, and governed the Church two years, three months, and twenty-two days. The question of *the validity of baptism given by heretics* arose during his pontificate, wherein he showed himself to be possessed of great wisdom and strength of character. The tradition of most of the Churches prescribed that all heretics who were converted, should be admitted by the imposition of hands alone, without re-baptizing them, provided they had already received baptism with water and in the name of the three persons of the Trinity. Stephen decided that *it must not be renewed*. St. Cyprian and Firmilian assembled councils in Africa to oppose this decision, which was contrary to the practice of their Churches. The Pope refuted the opinion of Cyprian, used authority and menaces to make him abandon it, and refused to communicate with the bishops of Africa, then deputies to Rome, which, although a public mark of disapprobation, does not fully prove that Stephen had excommunicated the dissenters. "This great Pope, whose prudence equalled his sanctity, knew," says St. Vincent of Lerins, "that piety would not permit any other doctrine to be received than that which has descended to us, and which we are obliged to transmit to others with the same fidelity with which we have received it; that we must not lead religion where we wish, but follow her wherever she leads us; that the property of Christian modesty is faithfully to preserve the holy maxims that our fathers have left us, and not to transmit our own ideas to posterity. What was the result of this dispute? The same as in every other similar affair. The ancient faith was retained, and the innovation was rejected. Indeed the council of Nice solemnly decided the question in favor of Stephen. The emperor Valerian, at first favorable to the Christians, having suddenly changed his conduct towards them, excited the eighth persecution, during which this pontiff obtained the glory of martyrdom, on the 2d of August, 257.

St. Sixtus II, an Athenian, was elected on the 24th of the same month, and notwithstanding the persecution of Valerian occupied the holy see three years. He was beheaded in 260, three days before the martyrdom of his faithful deacon, St. Lawrence, who had begged the favor of following him. The Church of Auxerre is under particular

obligations to this Pope, who sent thither its apostle, St. Peregrine.

After a vacancy of some months, St. Dionysius, a Greek by birth, who from an anchorite had been made a priest of the Roman Church, was called to replace Sixtus. This humble and wise pontiff, edified and instructed Christendom during a reign of ten years and three months. In the year 261, he held a synod when he anathematized the heresy of Sabellius, and the opposite error afterwards broached by the Arians. He ordained twelve priests, six deacons and seven bishops. He died peacefully, on the 26th of December, 270.

Four days after, St. Felix I, a Roman, son of Constance, was elected, who reigned four years and five months. He wrote a learned epistle to Maximus of Alexandria, against the heresy of Sabellius and Paul of Samosata, bishop of Antioch, who was degraded from his office; he built a church, ordered that masses should be celebrated on the tombs of the martyrs, and died himself a martyr, on the 30th of May, 275; not that his death was a violent one, but that it was probably produced by his imprisonment and the sufferings which he underwent for Jesus Christ. From this pontificate is dated the ninth persecution under Aurelian, and the retreat of St. Anthony, author of the cenobitical life.*

St. Eutychian, born at Lucca, was elected on the fourth of June. This Pope ordered that the bodies of the martyrs should be buried in tunics of purple, but St. Gregory the Great afterwards revoked this decree. During this reign, which lasted eight years, six months, and four days, the heresy of the Manicheans arose against the Church, a heresy as infamous as senseless, and which was more furious than any of the first three ages. The leader of this sect was a Persian slave, who changed his name from Cubricus to Manes. As he pretended to have the gift of miracles, he undertook to heal by his prayers the son of the Persian king; but the child dying, the impostor was thrown into prison; he escaped, and coming to the coast of Mesopotamia, there diffused his errors about the year 277. The people wishing to stone him for his blasphemies, he fled, only to fall again into the hands of the king of Persia, who, in the following year, condemned him to be flayed with reeds, and devoured by beasts. Eutychian died for the faith, on the eighth of December, 283.

He was worthily succeeded by St. Caius, born at Salona in Dalmatia, son of Caius or Concordius, of the race of the Emperor Diocletian. Caius occupied the apostolic throne, twelve years, four months, and five days. He ordered that clerks should receive all the seven inferior orders of the Church before being ordained bishops. He showed the greatest zeal in animating the holy martyrs at the hour of death, especially his niece, Susanna, daughter of Gabin (whom the emperor wished to marry to Maximin Galerius, his son-in-law, and associate in the empire), thereby himself meriting the crown of martyrdom, which he received on the 22d of April, 296. During his pontificate occurred the ever memorable sacrifice of the whole Theban legion, numbering six thousand men, which perished in Valais, in the year 286. Maximian intended to avail himself of this legion to persecute the Christians, but these soldiers, who were themselves Christians, refused to obey this odious command. Maximian, irritated by their opposition, caused them twice to be decimated without being able to intimidate those who remained, and at length ordered his troops to surround them and hew them in pieces, which was accordingly done. Exuperius and Candidus, officers of that legion, were crowned with their soldiers, whom they had induced to offer this generous resistance.

The Church had just obtained a respite, when St. Marcellinus, a Roman by birth, the son of Projectus, was elected to succeed Caius, whose place he held seven years, eleven months, and twenty-six days; but this calm did not last long, and the persecution was recommenced with more violence than before, in the year 302. This was the tenth. Galerius was the instigator of Diocletian: the Christians had not, since the time of the apostles, been exposed to more

* Histoire des Ordres Religieux, vol. i, p. 20.

dreadful violence. The Donatists, through hatred of the see of Rome, accused Marcellinus of having succumbed and offered incense to idols. He soon acknowledged his fault, they added, and presented himself to the council of Sinuessa, to receive his condemnation, bathed in tears, covered with ashes, and clothed in sackcloth. The bishops were touched by these humiliations, and without condemning him they all cried out: "Peter has sinned, but he has washed away his fault in the water of his tears." This absurd tale has been victoriously refuted by St. Augustine. It is clearly proved that far from bowing down to idols, Marcellinus distinguished himself by the firmness of his courage. Animated with a holy zeal he offered himself a candidate for martyrdom, and confessing the name of Jesus Christ: he died on the 26th of April, 304. Thus the close of his pontificate opens the fourth age of the Church.

Such was the violence of the persecution that after the death of St. Marcellinus the holy see was vacant for three years and a half; to accept the sovereign pontificate was to immolate oneself; and none but saints could sustain its burden. St. Marcellus I received it on the 19th of May, 308, and retained it until the 16th of January, 310, the date of his death. This Pope re-established the discipline, which had been a little impaired by the raging of the persecutions and the prolonged vacancy of the holy see; he also divided Rome into twenty-five parishes. The tyrant Maxentius condemned him to attend his horses in a filthy stable, situated on the high-way. Some months after, his clerks succeeded in liberating him, and conducting him in safety to the house of a holy widow, named Lucina; but Maxentius having discovered his escape, caused him to be reconveyed to the stable, where the stench of the place, the destitution and other miseries of his condition, soon put an end to his life.

St. Eusebius, a Greek by birth, and son of a physician, who succeeded him on the 20th of May, also suffered from the cruelty of Maxentius. This pontiff caused the pious rigor of canonical penances to be observed, especially with regard to those who had fallen from the faith during the persecution. His zeal created many enemies; among others, Heraclius, a turbulent man, who excited several disturbances against him, over all which Eusebius triumphed by his patience. This Pope died in Sicily, whither Maxentius had exiled him, on the 26th of September, after a reign of four months and six days. His body was conveyed to Rome.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGIN AND BLESSING OF BELLS.

THE use of bells is very ancient in the Church, and may be traced to a period anterior to the eighth century. It is uncertain, however, by whom they were invented. Some writers contend that they were first used by St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in the fifth century; an opinion which is scarcely probable, as that prelate makes no mention of bells in the description of his church which he has transmitted to posterity. It is asserted by others that they were introduced by Pope Sabinian, the successor of Gregory the Great. Venerable Bede assures us that towards the close of the seventh century, large bells were cast in Campania, and from this circumstance acquired the name of *Campana* in Latin. Bells of a smaller description, or tinkling iustruments, (*tintinnabula*), were in use long before the Christian era, as is attested in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, and in the writings of Suetonius, Ovid, and Tibullus. The Romans used them in order to notify the people of the opening of the markets, and of

other occasions. These instruments very probably suggested the idea of bells of greater dimensions.

During the first three ages of Christianity, the faithful, compelled as they were to screen themselves from persecution, had no public signal for the performance of their religious worship. But when the Church obtained her freedom under Constantine, it is likely that some method was adopted of publicly convening the faithful to the offices of religion; and it is supposed that the first means resorted to for this purpose was the use of wooden mallets or rattles.* The wooden mallet is retained to the present day among the Greeks. In certain monasteries, the inmates were assembled by the sound of the trumpet; in others, by the chanting of *alleluias*. But the invention and introduction of the larger bell gradually suspended all these imperfect signals, and in the tenth century its use became general.

With the use of bells was introduced the erection of belfries for the purpose of giving to the former a more advantageous position; and hence those lofty and massive towers which surmounted the churches of the middle ages, and which were destined to contain bells of various dimensions.

The blessing or consecration of these instruments which were intended to convene the faithful for the worship of the Almighty, or to perform other offices connected with the public welfare, was a natural consequence of their sacred and benevolent destination, and its advantages may be easily understood by those who do not deny the efficacy of prayer, in averting many of the evils to which we are exposed, and in drawing upon us the blessings of heaven.

"When man fell from God by sin, his whole nature became corrupt and rebellious; and at the same time, partly as a consequence, and partly as a punishment, even inanimate nature became disorganised with him. In the original formation of creatures, they had been created good,—absolutely and relatively good; they were subservient to the wants of man, and destined to administer to his comforts. But sin disturbed this benevolent arrangement. And the devil, availing himself of this disturbance, has converted God's creatures into instruments of temptation and aggression; while man himself has played into the tempter's hands, and abused those same creatures for every lawless and vicious purpose.

"St. Paul, in the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, announces this melancholy degradation of the inanimate world, and its unwilling subserviency to *vanity*, that is, to the malicious hostility of the devil, and the wicked propensities of man; and he represents them as in a state of indignant impatience at their being made instruments of offence against their common Creator. 'For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain even until now. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that made it subject, in hope. For the creature also shall be delivered from the servitude of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.' (Romans viii, 20, &c.) Meanwhile, however, and awaiting this happy restoration of all things, the same apostle observes in another place that 'every creature of God is good' when 'sanctified by the word of God and prayer;' (Tim. iv;) and in this he approves a practice which the Church has ever since adopted, as her most ancient rituals and eucologies attest, of blessing, with religious invocation, all the ordinary materials of life. She blesses the houses in which we dwell, the ships in which we sail, the fire with which we are warmed, the bread which we eat, the water which we drink, the animals on which we feed, the clothes which we wear, the banners under which we fight, the arms we employ, the fields which we cultivate, and the crops which we raise upon them. By her holy prayers and exorcisms she changes, as it were, the moral character of these things. She deprives them of their liability to mischief and abuse which the devil's malice and men's passions are disposed to give them, and restores them to their proper rank of utility, and religious

* The wooden rattle is still used in many places, during the three days of Holy Week, when the bell remains silent.

subserviency for which they were originally created.

"But in doing this the Church does not believe, neither does she teach her children to believe, that any thing which she has blessed possesses any virtue in itself, independent of the will or of the power of God; but full of confidence in Him, 'who has blessed us with spiritual blessings in Christ,' and whose will, as St. Paul proclaims in his Epistle to the Ephesians, is 'to re-establish all things in Christ that are in heaven and on earth,' she piously prays that God would revoke, in regard of these his creatures, the malediction which our sins have forced him to pronounce upon them; that he would once more give them his blessing, so that when we use them they may not prove hurtful to our bodies, or prejudicial to our souls; that they may never minister to our ambition, our avarice, or concupiscence, but that they may become excitements to gratitude, and occasions to bless and praise his holy name.

"These principles will explain the ordinary benedictions of the Church as applicable to objects of familiar use amongst us. But there are occasions when she withdraws certain objects from all profane and secular purposes, and devotes them *altogether* to the purposes of religion. Then her ceremonies are more imposing, her prayers more solemn and multiplied, and she employs a holier material in blessing them, the unction of oil and chrism. This she denominates a *consecration;* and in this manner she consecrates churches and altars, chalices and patens, and the *bells* that are 'to praise God in their high places,' and to toll for his exclusive worship.

"Now, to speak only of the last,—as being the immediate object before us,—the bell has long been considered by the Church, in point of *material,* as the noblest herald in her service, as the trumpet to summon her children to their holy duties, to admonish them to lift up their hearts to God, to bow down their heads to adore his awful mysteries, to bless his holy name, to implore his help in their necessities, and to pray for the living and the dead. In the sublime language of her liturgy which the bishop recites in her name, she prays that 'He who stilled by his voice the troubled sea, would vouchsafe to rise up to the help of his people: that he would shed upon this instrument the dews of his grace, that he would give a virtue to its sound that should scare away the enemy, and strengthen the faith of his Christian people. That as David's harp drew down the Holy Spirit, and as the thunder of the Lord thundered on the adversaries when Samuel offered up the holocaust of the Lamb, so when the sound of this metal shall move upon the air, that troops of angels may form around the church, and guard her believing children with an everlasting protection.'* These are the benefits, spiritual and temporal, which the Church prays for, and hopes to receive, not from the bell itself, not from the *sounding brass,* or *tinkling cymbal,* but, on occasion of its use, from Him who employs the humblest instruments in the performance of his greatest mercies.

"Now the ceremonies which she employs in its benediction are these. She commences with certain select psalms, to implore the merciful protection of God, 'from whom proceedeth every good gift,' both in time and in eternity. Then she blesses water and salt, emblems of purity and wisdom, and having mingled them together, she washes the entire surface of the metal, both within and without. Now, inasmuch as the bell is symbolical of what the Christian ought to be on occasion of its summons, this ceremony points out the necessity of inward purity, as well as outward sanctity, and teaches us that while we labor to exhibit nothing in our *exterior* but what is edifying to our neighbor, and conducive to virtue, we should so carefully regulate the *inward* man that nothing may subsist there but what conscience can approve, and what God may behold with complacency.

"Next, the bishop makes upon it the sign of the cross,—that holy sign which shall appear in the heavens when the Lord shall come to judgment. And then with the holy oil, the *Oleum Infirmorum,* he seven

* Vid. Pontificale, sub finem.

times anoints it on the outside, and four times in the inside with the sacred chrism. The unction of oil is the symbol of grace which softens the asperities of the law, and makes the cross of Christ sit easier on our shoulders, at the same time that it strengthens the soul in her fearful conflicts with Satan, with the world, and her own unruly passions. The seven crosses, which are traced on the outside, bespeak the dauntless courage of the Christian. That so far from blushing at the practices of his religion, it is his duty to bear it visibly about him, and to glory, with the great apostle, that he carries the stigmata of Jesus Christ on his person; and this so effectually, that his character of Catholic may never be mistaken, but that by the modesty of his deportment, the wisdom of his words, by the sobriety of his tongue, the temperance of his habits, by his patience and forbearance, and his quiet acquiescence in the holy will of Providence, the world may recognise him for what he is, a worthy disciple of the holiest of Masters. Finally, as the quality of oil is to penetrate even metals, it teaches that he should be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his master Christ, so that whilst he outwardly bears about him the mortification of Jesus, he may inwardly encourage a love for his precepts, an affection for his sufferings, and be, both in heart and mind, a devoted servant of him who "hath anointed us in Christ, who hath also sealed us, and given the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts." (2 Cor. i, 22). And this interior unction of the Holy Spirit is shadowed out by the four inward applications of the holy chrism, on occasion of which the Church prays that all who assemble at the sound, may surmount all temptations of the enemy, and diligently pursue the maxims and precepts of their holy faith.

"And here it may occur to be asked, why the number of crosses and anointings, should be precisely *seven*, and *four*, neither more nor less. Every one who is at all conversant with the holy Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers, knows well that there is a mysterious character attaching to the number *seven*, a character of *completion* and *perfection*.

"Now as the material bell is the voice of the Church, and whilst it summons to the preaching, it illustrates the spirit and the progress, of the Gospel, these seven external anointings may seem to imply the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Spirit enumerated by the prophet Isaiah, *Tu septiformis munere*, &c., and the four anointings with chrism, in the inner side, at the four divisions where the tongue or the hammer is made to strike, will aptly signify the preaching of the Church, and the general diffusion of the Gospel from its centre to the four quarters of the globe. *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.*"*

Finally, the bell is dedicated to a particular saint, that under his auspices, the consecrated signal may exert a happy influence over the faithful, and that they may hearken to its holy appeals, as if to the voice of one who now reigns in heaven, and calls upon them to imitate his assiduity and fervor in discharging the duties of religion.

"When these mysterious anointings are finished, the attendants bring the censor to the bishop, with perfumed drugs, myrrh, and incense. These are put into the censor in the usual way, and left burning beneath until the singing of the last Gospel. Incense is of frequent use in the ceremonies of the church, and implies the energy and activity of holy prayers, which when heated by the fire of divine love, rise up and penetrate to the throne of God as a sacrifice of sweet-smelling savour. And this being a principal duty to which the bell invites us, hence the free use of incense in its consecration.

"Lastly, a portion of the Gospel is said or sung by the deacon from the tenth chapter of St. Luke, which describes the visit of our blessed Saviour to Mary and Martha, in which Mary is commended for her assiduous attendance on his sacred person, and the over-solicitude of Martha is gently reproved, in that solemn and memorable admonition.—'Martha, Martha, thou art solicitous and troubled about many things,

* *Discourse* of the Rev. Dr. Weedall.

but one thing is necessary.' (Luke x, 41 and 42).

"Such is the great lesson which the bell is intended frequently to preach to us. It will break in upon our occupations, whether serious or gay, whether lawful or unlawful.—Like the voice of Christ to Martha, it will remind us of the inutility of much that we are doing, perhaps even of its sinfulness.—It will discourse, wisely and forcibly, of the value of the soul, and of the importance of attending to its salvation; of the shortness of time and the awful length of eternity.—It will sound like the solemn warnings of the last trumpet, and teach us to prepare whilst preparation is practicable. It will entone the angelical salutation three times each day, and bid us bend our heads, and humble our hearts in the adoration of the adorable mystery of the Incarnation. It will regulate a variety of duties, as its ancient inscription purports,

Laudo Deum verum. Plebem voco. Congrego Clerum.
Defunctos ploro. Pestem fugo. Festa decoro.

It will summon us to prayer, morning and evening; it will notify in deeper tones the celebration of the awful mysteries. It will remind us of the duty of praying for the dead, it will encourage us to pray in seasons of danger, it will multiply its admonitions on our holy Sabbaths, and give a cheerful solemnity to the days consecrated to a more particular worship."*

These remarks will suffice to explain the nature of the ceremony by which bells are consecrated, and to overthrow completely the grounds on which modern fanaticism has undertaken to brand it with the note of superstition. In the judgment of those who sincerely investigate the truth, and who find no gratification in the low artifice of impugning and denouncing, by unfair representation, every practice that savors of Catholic piety, it is obvious that the whole rite is nothing more than a solemn dedication of a work of art to the noble purposes of religion, and a prayer of the Church by which she invokes upon her children the grace of being benefited by its use. How then can it be asserted that this ceremony is considered by the Catholic Church as a baptism? Does it follow that it is looked upon as a real baptism,* because this name is given to it in the popular language of certain districts, on account of the similarity between some parts of this solemn rite and the baptismal ceremony? Does it argue candor or reflection in our adversaries to prefer such a charge, when the absurdity implied in it is not less ridiculous than impious? If the bells that are consecrated are sometimes placed under the care or patronage of certain individuals, who may superintend their employment, these persons are improperly called sponsors, and the ceremony used by the Church does not require the presence of any such individuals.† As to the imputation that bells were rung at funerals and during storms, to frighten away the demons that were supposed to hover around the dead, or to be the authors of the tempest, it is too plainly the offspring of ignorance or malevolence. If our forefathers entertained the opinion that storms could be averted by the agitation of the air, resulting from the sounding of bells, perhaps they erred a little, although innocently, by calculating too largely upon a principle of natural philosophy; but they undoubtedly proved themselves vastly superior to their critics of modern times, in the theory and practice of that Christian philosophy, which led them to toll the bell at the funeral of the dead, as a warning voice to the living, and, in the fury of the tempest, to send forth its sound, hallowed as it was by the orisons of

* *Ibid.*

* It is stated in the Capitulars of Charlemagne, that this prince forbade the ceremony, because, says a writer, it was thought by some to be a baptism. That this prohibition however was merely a prudential and temporary measure, to prevent the growth of an erroneous notion among the people, is manifest from the fact, that the ordinance of the emperor was not enforced, and the custom of blessing bells prevailed throughout the Church in a form not liable to abuse. Pope John XIII, in the tenth century, was not the author of this ceremony, as may be seen from Marteue, lib. 2 de Antiq. Eccl. Rit. c. 21.

† See *Roman Pontifical.*

religion, as a cry of alarm and as a general supplication to him who wields the thunderbolts of heaven, that he would look to the affliction of his servants, and avert the dangers with which they were threatened. In all this there might be something offensive to that desolating puritanism which has endeavored to divorce nature from its Divine Author, by denying all religious influence to the external world, but in the eyes of reason, it will always be a mark of true religion, as well as the glory of the Catholic Church, to make use of outward things, as fit and powerful agents for awakening in the heart of man the most salutary impressions. "Praise ye the Lord in his holy places: praise him with sound of trumpet; praise him with psaltery and harp; praise him on high-sounding cymbals; praise him on cymbals of joy; let every spirit praise the Lord." *Ps.* 150.

THEORY OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

BY PROF. DUCATEL.

IT is not astonishing that a traveller coming from the eastern states, where he has been accustomed to see the surface of the country divided into cultivated fields, intermixed with groves of trees as regularly allotted almost as the fields themselves, and as he proceeds westwardly finds himself more and more pressed in by dense forests of lofty trees that seem to bid defiance to the further progress of civilization, should experience some surprise at the sudden appearance of those unwooded and uninterrupted plains of the farther west that have received the name of *Prairies*, adopted by us from the French. So it is not astonishing too, that the French adventurers who preceded us, coming from the champaign regions of their own country, should have left no record of a similar surprise; but on the contrary beheld in these flowery *meadows* something that reminded them of home, to which nothing was wanting but the stately chateau, the vineyard, and the hamlet to complete the resemblance. The latter, therefore, did not stop to speculate about the origin of this champaign country, which they looked upon probably as of very natural occurrence; whilst to us, by the contrast just referred to, it is the very reverse. On the other hand, one accustomed to the sight of the prairies with only their strips of woodland along the water courses, on going to the eastward, would perhaps feel more surprise than the western traveller at the extent of the *forests*, and express greater wonder that they should so far have escaped the devastations of the fire and the hurricane.

But setting aside the surprise, we who have been accustomed to see these lands clothed with trees, may well ask why it is that these western plains are destitute of timber. The phenomenon, for such at first sight it appears to be, has given occasion for much speculation.

"It has been suggested," says Judge Hall, "that the prairies were caused by hurricanes which had blown down the timber, and left it in a condition to be consumed by fire, after it had become dried by lying on the ground. A single glance at the immense region in which the prairie surface predominates sufficiently refutes this idea." Mr. Kendall, in the interesting sketches of incidents connected with his Santa Fe expedition, mentions a prairie "*at least two hundred and fifty miles in width.*" Now, although hurricanes sometimes extend for many miles in length, their track is always narrow, and often but a few hundred yards in breadth. "And it is a well-known fact, that whenever the timber has been thus prostrated, a dense and tangled thicket shoots up immediately, and protected by the fallen trees, grows with uncommon vigor."

Some have imagined that the prairies have

been the bottom of lakes, but this hypothesis is not tenable. For, "as a general rule, the prairies are highest in the middle, and have a gradual declivity towards the sides; and when we reach the timber, instead of finding banks corresponding with the shores of a lake, we almost invariably discover valleys, ravines, and water courses, considerably depressed below the general level of the plain." And again as a general rule, "the prairie surface is slightly, but decidedly convex."

General Pike attributed the destitution of timber upon the prairies to the aridity of the soil, which, having so few water courses running through it, and these being principally dry in summer, has never afforded moisture sufficient to protect the growth. But this opinion is disproved, not only by the luxuriance of the wild growth, and the adaptation of the soil to the ordinary purposes of husbandry, but by the readiness with which forest trees, artificially laid out, take root and flourish in the prairie soil. A very remarkable instance of the facility with which the prairie soil becomes covered with timber, when protected from the usual cause of its absence, namely fire, is mentioned by Judge Hall, as having fallen under his observation. "An individual had enclosed a single field in the prairie, in which corn was cultivated for several years, when it was abandoned, and the rails that composed the fence carried away. In the meanwhile, the corners of the fence, and a narrow strip on each side, having been protected from the fire on the one hand, and the plough on the other, grew up in bushes. After the field was deserted, this natural hedge remained for years; having grown up into a row of tall trees, occupying the former line of the fence, while the interior of the square became also covered with brushwood; and thus a grove has been formed, which bids defiance to the fire."

Stoddard, in his "Sketches of Louisiana," says that the prairies were probably occasioned by fire; "because whenever copses of trees are found on them, the ground about them is low, and too moist to permit the fire to pass over it." The correct expression of the fact we apprehend would be this:—On low and moist grounds upon the prairies, copses of trees are found that resist the ravages of the fire.

In the narrative of Major Long's first expedition, it is said: "If the prairies were at any former period covered with forests, it may be easily supposed, the yearly devastations of fires breaking out in dry seasons, would destroy many of the trees. The forests being thus broken, the growth of grass and annual plants would be greatly facilitated by the nakedness of the soil, and the free admission of the rays of the sun. Forests attract rain, and impede evaporation, while the reverberation from the surface of vast plains and deserts, tends to dissipate the clouds and vapors which are driven over them by the winds. In fertile districts like the alluvial lands of the Missouri and Mississippi, a heavy annual growth of herbaceous plants is produced, which after the autumnal frosts, becomes dry and peculiarly adapted to facilitate and extend the ravages of fire. In a country occupied by hunters, who are kindling their camp fires in every part of the forest, and who often, like the Mongalls in the grassy deserts of Asia, set fire to the plains, in order to attract herbivorous animals by the growth of tender and nutritious herbage which springs up soon after the burning, it is easy to see that these annual conflagrations could not fail to happen." Doubtless *if* the prairies were at any former period covered with forests, the most effectual agent that could be employed for their destruction would be fire. It would require, however, we apprehend, a much greater conflagration than is commonly produced by the Indian method of firing not only the prairies, but the woods themselves, for the purpose of securing their game. This method they have practised at all times, certainly with the effect of thinning, but without destroying the timber; as we see from the immense forests of Western Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Missouri, that were once also annually fired by the Indians, and are now, to a more limited extent, by the white hunters, to burn the high grass, in order the better to see their game. This practice, which effectually destroyed the undergrowth, only thinned the trees;

and now that the Indians have left these countries, we find the undergrowth occupying the ground again.

But the general and most popular opinion seems to be that the prairies are caused by the Indian custom of annually burning the leaves and grass in autumn, which prevents the growth of any young trees. Time, it is thought, will thus form prairies; for some of the old trees annually perishing, and there being no undergrowth to supply their places, they become thinner every year; and as they diminish, they shade the grass less, which therefore grows more luxuriantly, and when a strong wind carries a fire through the dry grass and leaves which cover the earth with combustible matter several feet deep, the volume of flame destroys all before it. After a beginning is made, the circle widens every year, until prairies open as boundless as the ocean. Young growth follows the civilized settlements, since the settler keeps off those annual burnings. The proof advanced for this theory is, that prairies are all upon rich, rolling, and comparatively dry soil, where much vegetable matter would accumulate to raise the flame, and but little moisture to counteract it. This opinion, which is the most generally received, is among the least well founded, being based altogether upon what have sometimes been called *false facts.* Thus there is no proof of fires in the woods having been so extensive or destructive as it supposes; the destruction of live timber being a very uncommon occurrence; and the fact is undeniable that where woodland and prairie are found adjacent, the fire ceases to display the same destructive energy in the former, that it exhibits in the latter. Again: the edges of the prairie do not exhibit appearances of encroachment by fire on the timber; but on the contrary, the woodland seems to be increasing; and it is much more common to see young thickets spreading out from the woods upon the plain, than to behold the stumps and trunks of trees, which had been killed by fire. The conclusive argument, however, in opposition to the opinion above, is, that the destruction of the forest by fire would have taken place on the hills, and on broken grounds, as well as on the level, while the prairies only occupy the last.

Before proceeding to state what is conceived to be the true theory of the prairies, it may be well to convey an exact impression of their characteristic features. The following graphic description by Judge Hall, will doubtless answer the purpose.

"By those who have never seen this region," says the Judge, "a very tolerable idea may be formed of the manner in which the prairie and forest alternate, and the proportions of each, by drawing a colored line of irregular breadth, along the edges of all the water courses laid down in the map. The border thus shaded, which would represent the woodland would vary in width from one to five or six miles, and would sometimes extend to twelve. As the streams approached each other, these borders would approximate, or come into contact; and all the intermediate spaces not thus colored would be prairie. It is true, therefore, as a general rule, in relation to the states in which the prairies are situated, that wherever there is a considerable tract of surface, not intersected by water courses, it is level, and destitute of timber; but in the vicinity of springs and streams, the country is clothed in forest."

"Taking as an example the country lying between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, it will be seen that in the point formed by their junction, the forest covers the whole ground, and that as these rivers diverge, the prairies begin to intervene. At first there is only an occasional meadow, small, and not very distinctly defined. Proceeding northward the timber is found to decrease, and the prairies to expand; yet the plains are still comparatively small, wholly unconnected with each other, and their outlines distinctly marked by the woodlands which surround and separate them. They are insulated and distinct tracts of meadow land, embosomed in the forest. Advancing further to the north, the prairie surface begins to predominate; the prairies now become large, and communicate with each other like a chain of lakes, by means of numerous avenues or vistas; still however, the traveller is surrounded by timber; his

eye never loses sight of the deep green outline, throwing out its capes and headlands; though he sees no more than dense forests and large trees, whose deep shade almost appalled him in the more southern district."

"Travelling onward in the same direction, the prairies continue to expand, until we find ourselves surrounded by one vast plain. In the country over which we have passed, the *forest* is interspersed with these interesting plains; *here* the *prairie* is studded with groves and copses, and the streams fringed with strips of woodland. The eye sometimes roves over an immense expanse clothed with grass, discovering no other object on which to rest, and finding no limit to its vision but the distant horizon; while more frequently it wanders from grove to grove, and from one point of woodland to another, charmed and refreshed by an endless variety of scenic beauty."

"This description applies chiefly to Illinois, from a careful inspection of which state we have drawn the picture; but its general outlines are true of Indiana and Missouri, and are applicable, to some extent, to Ohio and Michigan. But if our path lie still farther to the west, and conduct us to the wide tracts that extend from the waters of the Arkansas to those of the Missouri and Mississippi, we arrive at a region of boundless plains—boundless to the eye of the traveller, which discovers nothing but the verdant carpet and the blue sky, without a grove, a tree, or a bush, to add variety to the landscape, and where the naked meadow often commences at the very margins of the streams."

But there is another point of view from which we are bound to consider the prairies, before we adopt any opinion purely hypothetical in reference to the cause of their present condition; and that is their geological structure. Now, if we examine them in this respect, either in the *coulies* or chasms, that frequently intersect them, or by attending to the materials, which it is necessary to penetrate through in sinking wells into them—these materials being, where their rocky foundation does not come up to the surface or is immediately beneath it, almost invariably a vegetable soil of more or less depth, and a thick deposite of plastic clay overlying a bed of sand or immediately superimposed upon the rock—there is no geologist who will not remain satisfied that they are the ancient floors of the ocean. If so, when the ocean waters first abandoned them they must have been without plants, and the naturalist who does not admit the doctrine of spontaneous growth, will conclude that when these did make their appearance, they germinated from seeds derived from plants, growing on lands left with a higher level than the sea that receded from the prairies. Their borders would be planted first, and by such plants as will grow upon the scantiest soil, and so on, until by natural and well understood causes the soil had acquired depth enough to support a hardier and more luxuriant vegetation.

Taking however a more comprehensive view, there is no reason why we should not suppose that the first covering of the earth was composed of those plants that arrive at maturity in the shortest time. And by whatever method it may be thought that plants begin first to germinate, it is evident that annual plants would ripen and scatter their seeds, many times, before trees and even shrubs could acquire the power of reproducing their own species. In the mean time the propagation of the latter would be retarded by a variety of causes—the frost would nip their tender stems in winter—fire would consume, or the blast would shatter them—and the wild grazing animals would bite them off, or tread them under foot; while many of their seeds, particularly such as assume the form of nuts or fruit, would be devoured by animals. The grasses, that are propagated both by the root and by seed, are exempt from the operation of almost all these casualties. Providence has, with unerring wisdom, fitted every production of nature to sustain itself against the accidents to which it is most exposed, and has given to these plants which constitute the food of animals, a remarkable tenacity of life; so that although bitten off, and trodden down, and even scorched, they still retain the vital

principle. That trees have likewise a power of self-protection, is evident from their present existence in a state of nature. It is only assumed, therefore, that in the earliest state of being, the grasses would have the advantage, over plants of less hardy, and of slower growth; and that when both are struggling for the possession of the soil, the former would at first gain the ascendancy; although the latter, in consequence of their superior size and strength, would finally, whenever they got possession of any portion of the soil, entirely overshadow and destroy their humble rivals.

We conclude then, that most of the prairies have never, since the ocean left them, been covered by any vegetables of greater importance than herbs and grasses, and that the growth of the timber has been prevented by the causes above enumerated; the principal of which has been probably the annual fires, but a very efficient one also the devastation caused by the teeth and hoofs of the buffalo.*

* "This scarcity of wood in the western regions, so much at variance with what is seen in other parts of North America, proceeds from two principal causes. In the plains on this side of the Platte river, from the custom which the Indians who live here have adopted, to fire their prairies towards the end of autumn, in order to have better pasture at the return of spring; but in the far west, where the Indians do not follow this practice (because they fear to drive away the animals that are necessary for their subsistence, or to expose themselves to be discovered by the strolling parties of their enemies), it proceeds from the nature of the soil, which, being a mixture of sand and light earth, is every where so very barren, that with the exception of the absynth that covers the plains, and the gloomy verdure that shades the mountains, vegetation is confined to the vicinity of rivers,—a circumstance which renders a journey through the far west extremely long and tedious."—*Indian Sketches.*

PRASCOVIA, OR FILIAL PIETY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

A TRUE STORY.

When they thrust me from my native land,
Didst thou stand forth, my firm and faithful guide.
And now, beloved daughter, to thy sire
What errand dost thou bear? What weighty cause
Moved thee to quit thy home?
Toil is light,
When we but labor in a parent's cause.

Œdipus at Colonos.

THE pious fortitude and courage of a poor girl, who, towards the end of the reign of the Emperor Paul, wandered from Siberia to St. Petersburg, to obtain the liberty of her exiled parents, attracted sufficient public attention to induce a celebrated authoress to transform her into the heroine of a novel. But those who knew her personally are apt to regret that adventures and ideas of a romantic nature had been ascribed to a generous but sober-minded girl, who never felt any other passion than the most exalted fondness for her parents, and who derived from that exclusive feeling the first impulse for attempting a most adventurous undertaking, and the strength to carry it into execution.

The simple and unadorned narrative of her toils, is perhaps not fitted to produce the breathless interest which we sometimes feel for imaginary vicissitudes, and for beings of unreal existence; but we believe that her story, though possessing only the merit of truth, will be read by many with some pleasure.

Her name was Prascovia Lopouloff. Her father belonged to a noble family of Ukrania, was born in Hungria, whither accidents conducted his parents, and served for some time in the Black-Hussars; but went early in life to Russia, married, and engaged in the military service of that country, which was in fact his own. He made several campaigns against the Turks, and was at

the storming of Ismail and Otchakoff. His gallant conduct won him the esteem of his regiment. The cause of his exile to Siberia is not known, his trial, and the re-examination of it in latter times, having remained a secret. Some persons pretended to know that he had been accused of insubordination by his commanding officer, who was unfriendly to him. Whatever may have been the cause of it, he had been in Siberia fourteen years when his daughter undertook her journey to St. Petersburg. The place of his banishment was Ischim, a village on the frontiers of the government of Tobolsk: he lived there with his wife and daughter, upon the small allowance of ten kopecks a day, which is paid to the prisoners who are not condemned to hard labor.

Young Prascovia contributed by her industry to the subsistence of her parents. She lent her services to the laundresses of the village, or made herself useful at harvest time in the fields, and worked as hard as her strength permitted. Rye, eggs, and vegetables, were the reward of her exertions. She was a child when she arrived in Siberia; and having never known a more comfortable life, she gave herself up most cheerfully to continual labor, though it often exceeded her physical strength. Her delicate hands seemed destined for different occupations. Her mother, whose whole time was occupied in the management of her poor household, seemed to bear patiently her deplorable situation; but her father, who had been from his youth accustomed to the active life of a soldier, had never learned to resign himself to his fate, and often yielded to a despondency and despair which no misfortune, however great, can excuse. Although he endeavored to conceal from Prascovia the grief that preyed upon his mind, she had been too often, either by accident or through her attention to all that concerned him, a secret witness of his dejection, not to reflect on the cruel situation of her parents, long before they imagined that she was aware of their sufferings.

The governor of Siberia had never replied to the supplications which Lopouloff had addressed to him from time to time; an officer, however, having passed with despatches, through Ischim, and having promised him, not only to deliver to the governor his letters, but to second his requests, the unfortunate exile entertained for a while some hopes of liberty or relief. But the few travellers and messengers that arrived from Tobolsk, added only disappointments to actual and increased sufferings.

It was in one of these distressing moments that Prascovia, on her return from her labors in the fields, found her mother bathed in tears, and was alarmed by the mortal paleness and the bewildered looks of her father. "There you see," exclaimed he, when she entered this abode of sorrow, "the object of my greatest grief; this is the child whom Providence has given me in its wrath, to increase my sufferings by hers, to make me witness of her gradual decay, when wasted by incessant toil, so that the name of father, which is a blessing to all others, is to me the strongest proof of heaven's malediction." Poor Prascovia, frightened to death, clung to his knees, and with the assistance of her mother and by their united entreaties, Lopouloff recovered gradually his self-possession: but this scene had made a strong impression upon her mind. Her parents had, for the first time, openly spoken in her presence of their hopeless situation, and for the first time she had been permitted to sympathise in their sorrows. She was then only fifteen years of age, and at that time, the idea of endeavoring to obtain her father's pardon entered her mind; or, according to her own account, one day when she had been praying, "it crossed her like lightning, and caused in her an unspeakable emotion." She was persuaded that it was an inspiration of Providence, and this belief supported her under the most trying circumstances.

The hope of pardon and of liberty had never before cheered her heart. It filled her now with delight. She threw herself anew on her knees and prayed with fervor; but her imagination was so disquieted that she knew not exactly what she should implore from the divine mercy, all the ordinary train of her ideas being lost in the nameless joy she experienced. Soon, however, the re-

solution of going to St. Petersburg, with the purpose of throwing herself at the emperor's feet, to obtain her father's liberty, grew more and more distinct in her mind, and became the prevailing subject of her thoughts.

She had long since resorted to a favorite place on the skirts of a neighboring wood, where she loved to pray; but now she visited it oftener than ever. Occupied exclusively with her great project, she implored heaven with all the ardor of her soul, to favor, to protect it, and to give her sufficient fortitude and means to accomplish it. She was, therefore, often somewhat negligent in her usual occupations, and was upbraided by her parents. For a long time she did not dare to disclose to them the enterprise she meditated. Her courage failed her, whenever she attempted an explanation, in which she could discern little probability of success. But when she became convinced that she had sufficiently matured her design, she fixed a day when she should disclose it to her parents, firmly resolved to overcome on that occasion her natural timidity.

On that day, Prascovia went, early in the morning, to the forest, to implore from heaven that courage and eloquence which she deemed necessary to convince her parents. She returned home afterwards, with no other uncertainty, but to which of her parents she was about to reveal her project. The first she should meet was to be her confidant: she rather hoped to meet her mother, on whose indulgence she trusted the most. But when she approached the house, she saw her father, seated on a bench before the door, smoking his pipe. She addressed him with great courage, explained, in part, her views, and solicited, with all the eloquence which she could command, permission to depart for the metropolis. When she had concluded, her father, who had not interrupted her speech, took her hand with great gravity, and entering with her into the room, where his wife was preparing dinner, he exclaimed: "My wife, good news! we have a powerful protector! Prascovia is on her way to St. Petersburg, and is good enough to promise to intercede in our behalf with the emperor!" Lopouloff repeated, in a tone of irony, his whole conversation with his daughter. "She would do better," said her mother, "to mind her business, instead of dreaming of such follies." The poor girl had mustered courage against the anger of her parents; but she was unprepared to see her hopes brought to the test of ridicule and irony. She wept bitterly. The gay humor which her father had indulged for a moment, gave way to his usual austerity; but while he reproved her for weeping, her mother caught her to her bosom, smiled, and reaching a towel, said to her, in a coaxing tone: "Come, come, child, clean the table for dinner, and thou canst afterwards think more at leisure of thy journey to St. Petersburg."

Such treatment was more apt to dissuade Prascovia from her projects, than the severest upbraiding, and the worst usage. The humiliation of seeing herself treated like a child, did not, however, long oppress her, or prevail for a moment over her natural consistency. The difficulty of the first step was surmounted: she touched, afterwards, repeatedly, on the subject, and her entreaties were so frequent and urgent, that her father became angry, reproved her most seriously, and commanded her never more to speak of her plans of deliverance. Her mother proceeded with somewhat more gentleness to convince her that she was yet too young to meddle with such serious business.

This result of her first endeavors prevented Prascovia for three years from renewing her entreaties with her parents. In that interval of time she was obliged to attend her mother in an obstinate illness, which alone would have obliged her to postpone her journey, but never did she permit a day to pass, without including in her ordinary prayers a fervent petition that she might obtain from her father the desired permission; and the more she prayed, the more she became persuaded that God would grant her request.

Such a religious disposition and confidence in a girl of her age, is so much the more surprising, as they were not the fruit of her education. Though her father was

not irreligious, he did not set her an example of fervent and real piety; and even her mother, who was more attentive to these higher duties, was too little informed to awaken piety in hearts that were unprepared for religious culture. But Prascovia needed neither encouragement nor advice. To an exquisite sensibility, she united an excellent judgment, which, in the last three years, had acquired so much strength, that her parents began to listen, in their debates and domestic concerns, to her remarks, and she obtained insensibly a sufficient ascendancy over them to propose again, and to support with less hesitation, her great project. Yet her parents, in losing the advantage they had over her, in laughing at her presumption, did not render their resistance and objections less painful to her by representing how much her absence would increase their difficulties. With tears and a thousand endearments they told her that they had neither friends nor resources of any kind in Russia, and that upon her depended all their comfort, and in part their subsistence. "Could she leave her parents in a desert," they asked her, "to undertake a distant journey, which might prove fatal to herself, and imbitter the rest of their lives, instead of procuring them their liberty?" Prascovia could only answer with tears such reasoning; but, far from wavering in her determination, she grew every day more resolute and confident.

The opposition of her parents was not the only, nor the greatest obstacle she had to overcome. She could not set out on her pilgrimage, nor even leave her village, without a passport. In not answering the letters of her father, the governor of Tobolsk had given no encouragement to the hope that he would favor her plan.

Fortunately for her, there was in the village another prisoner, born in Russia, and son of a German tailor. This man had been servant to a student in the university of Moscow, and had, on the strength of that connection, assumed the reputation of a free-thinker amongst the rude villagers and prisoners, to whom he rendered himself serviceable, by his exertions in the useful art of his father. He sometimes visited Lopouloff, and we are sorry to say, was permitted to laugh at his daughter, and to nickname her "St. Prascovia." She did not much care for it, but supposing that an unbeliever must at least know how to write, she hoped he would prepare for her a petition to the governor, which she thought her father would readily consent to send, if he had no other trouble than to sign it.

It happened that one evening, when she was about to pack up the linen which she had washed in the river, and was turning her steps homeward, Neyler (for that was the name of the free-thinker) met her while she was making the sign of the cross—an usual acccompaniment to prayers in her religion. Neyler said to the poor girl: "Had you made some more gesticulations of that sort, your linen, by a miracle, would have returned home without your being at the trouble of carrying it on your back; but I will do as much for you without entreaties, and show you that infidels, whom you hate so much, are glad to help their neighbors." He did not give her time to make any objection, but taking the parcel, he went along with her towards the village. As they proceeded, it occurred to Prascovia, that the "philosopher" might be in a mood of extending farther his services to her, and write the petition to the governor; but his science did not go so far. He pretended that since he had begun his handicraft, he had bidden adieu to all literary pursuits, but he fortunately knew a man who could render her the service she desired. Prascovia felt obliged for the information he gave her about that individual, and rejoiced in the thought that she should, not later than the next day, make a decisive step towards the execution of her great project. When she entered the habitation of her parents, she found them in company with some of their acquaintance, to whom Neyler immediately imparted the service he had rendered her, in sparing her the trouble of working miracles by her prayers. He was not a little disconcerted, when Prascovia said, in answer to this and some other silly jests of the same sort: "Why should I not put my whole confidence in the divine goodness, when I remember that after a short

prayer, a professed infidel voluntarily rendered me his services: was not that a miracle?" The whole company laughed heartily at the discomfited tailor, who, instead of waiting for better success on a new attack, silently strutted off.

The next day, Prascovia called on the person whom Neyler had mentioned to her, and who promised to write the petition, in the requisite form, but informed her that she, and not her father, ought to sign it. After some new difficulties, her father at last yielded, and forwarded the petition, with a letter of his own, relative to his personal situation.

From that moment Prascovia ceased to feel unhappy, her health improved rapidly, and her parents wondered and rejoiced to see her suddenly recover her former gaiety. This change had no other source than a strong conviction that she should obtain the desired passport, and an unlimited confidence in the protection of her Creator. She often extended her walks far on the road of Tobolsk, in the hope of meeting a state messenger. For some time she regularly called on the old soldier who distributed the letters, at the place where the post horses were kept; but she was soon discouraged from repeating her inquiries, by the rudeness with which the man in office received her, and by the jests in which he indulged on her projected pilgrimage.

Nearly six months had already elapsed since Lopouloff had forwarded the petition, when a person came to inform him that a messenger, just arrived at the post-house, had brought several letters. Prascovia ran in all haste, and was followed by her parents. When Lopouloff had reached the place and told his name, the messenger delivered to him a sealed packet, containing a passport for his daughter, and asked for a receipt. This was a moment of great joy for the whole family. In the entire abandonment in which they had been left for many years, the granted passport seemed to them a great mark of protection. Yet there was no answer to the requests which Lopouloff had addressed to the governor on his own affairs. His daughter being neither slave nor prisoner, could not be retained in Siberia against her will, and the passport was, therefore, in fact, but an act of strict justice. The silence of the governor as to what might be considered a reliance on the emperor's mercy and forgiveness, seemed, on the contrary, to prove that he did not in any way feel himself authorised to mitigate his sufferings.

Inferences and reflections of such a nature, soon damped the first joyous emotions of his heart. Lopouloff took the passport, and, in a fit of disappointment and ill-humor, protested that he had petitioned for it, in the expectation that it would be refused, like his other requests, and only to free himself from the importunities of his daughter.

Prascovia followed her parents to their habitation without uttering a single word, but full of hope, and thanking God for having heard her prayers. Her father enveloped her passport in a handkerchief, and laid it between his clothes. Prascovia was glad to observe that he took so much care of it, for she had feared he would tear it into pieces, and she ascribed that behavior to a particular design of Providence, who judged probably that the propitious moment for executing her plan was not yet arrived. She hastened to her ordinary retreat in the grove, where she passed two hours in fervent devotion. Her prayers were rather thanksgivings than new petitions. Her heart beat with joyous presentiments; all her anxieties were at an end, and her piety increased her transports.

These details may at first seem too minute: but when we shall have shown how the enterprise of this poor girl was successful beyond her own hopes, against all probability,—and notwithstanding the numberless difficulties which she had to encounter, our readers will be convinced, that no human agency could have lent her the necessary strength, and that she could owe it only to that "Faith which overcomes the world." Prascovia saw the will of heaven in every event: "My confidence in God," said she often afterwards, "has been frequently put to severe trials, but was never deceived." An incident which occurred, a few days after the arrival of the messenger, would have strengthened her courage, if it

had not been still more calculated to diminish the resistance of her parents. Her mother could not be called a superstitious woman, but she endeavored often to beguile her actual cares, by endeavoring to explain certain incidents of her monotonous life, as prognostics of better times; and, without believing in good or evil days, she carefully avoided beginning any thing on a Sunday; and, when salt was dropped on the table, regarded it as an accident, if not absolutely ominous, at least not perfectly indifferent. She sometimes opened the Bible, to find in the first passage that should present itself, something that might bear on her situation, or furnish a lucky omen, a practice quite common in Russia, for investigating the secrets of futurity. If the passage in Scripture is insignificant, the book is closed and consulted again, and, by a "liberal construction," an ingenious mind is not long without finding what it desires. Those who are under the pressure of misfortune, readily believe all that can mitigate their sorrows, and, without giving implicit faith to such presages, experience some relief, never probably remembering their fallacy, when wanting and seeking new consolation.

Lopouloff ordinarily read to his family, every evening, a chapter of Scripture, and explained the Sclavonish words which his wife and daughter did not understand; the latter waited always anxiously for such instruction. At the close of a melancholy evening, they were sitting silently at the table, the Bible before them, after the usual lecture, when Prascovia, without any other view than to re-animate the conversation, begged her mother to read the eleventh line of the right page, wherever she should open the book. The mother took it speedily, opened it with a pin, and counting the lines, she read aloud the eleventh, containing these words: "And the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her: what aileth thee, Hagar? fear not." This passage seemed to have a striking application to the journey she meditated. With enthusiastic joy, she seized the Bible, and kissed several times the auspicious page. "This is truly remarkable," said the mother, fixing her eyes on her husband. But he was not prone to favor their opinions, and declaimed violently against these superstitions: "Do you imagine," said he, "that a human creature can interrogate the Almighty, by opening a book at random with a pin, and that He would condescend to indulge your foolish whims?—no doubt," added he, addressing himself to his daughter, "no doubt an angel will be ready to accompany you in your peregrination, and minister to all your wants. Do you not see the folly of indulging such ridiculous fancies?"

Prascovia replied, that she was far from expecting that an angel would appear to assist her in her undertaking; "but," said she, "I believe firmly, that my guardian angel will not forsake me, and that the object of my hopes will be ultimately accomplished, though I should even abandon it." Lopouloff felt his resolution shaken by this strange perseverance; yet another month passed, without any further discourse about Prascovia's departure. She became silent and pensive; courted solitude; spent more time than ever in the place where she prayed, and seemed to have forgotten her usual tenderness for her parents. They began to fear that she was serious, when she threatened to depart without the passport, and their anxiety increased whenever she returned later than usual. One day they had already given up the hope of seeing her again. Prascovia, on returning from church, whither she had gone alone, had accompanied a few peasant girls to a hamlet in the neighborhood, and had spent several hours there. When she came home, her mother took her in her arms, and said to her, with a faltering voice: "Thou hast been very late, Prascovia; we feared that thou hadst gone forever." "You will soon have that mortification," replied her daughter, "if you do not give me the passport, and you will then regret having refused it, and parted with me, without giving me your blessings." In saying these words, she did not return the caresses of her mother, whom her melancholy and altered voice affected deeply. Anxious to tranquillize her, the poor mother promised

not to combat in future her determination, but to let it depend entirely on herself and her father. Prascovia did not urge her, but her profound distress was more persuasive than the liveliest entreaties, and her father also felt sadly her alteration. One morning, his wife begged him to bring some potatoes from the small garden which they cultivated. Lost in a train of gloomy reflections, he seemed at first not to listen to her; but recovering suddenly, he roused himself and said: "Come, help thyself, and I will help thee." When he had finished these words, he took a hoe and went into the garden; his daughter followed him: "Yes, father, we must help ourselves, when we labor under misfortunes, and I hope that God will graciously aid me in the entreaties I come to make you, and that He will move your heart. Give me the passport, dear and unfortunate father! believe, oh believe, it is the will of the Almighty! can you wish to force your daughter to disobey you?" All the while she addressed her father, she embraced his knees, and endeavored, by that mixture of firmness and humility, to inspire him with the hopes which filled her own heart. Her mother having joined them, she begged her to help her to convince her father; but the good woman could not be persuaded to do it. She could master her feelings sufficiently to consent to her daughter's departure, but she had not courage to advise her husband to follow her example. However, Lopouloff could no longer resist such affecting entreaties, and he saw, besides, too clearly, the decided character of his daughter: "How dissuade this child?" exclaimed he; "we must let her do her will." Enraptured with these words, Prascovia threw herself on his neck. "Be sure, dear, dear father," said she, covering him with kisses, "be sure that you will not repent having complied with my wishes. I will go, yes, I will go to St. Petersburg; I will kneel before the emperor; and Providence, who inspired the thought, and touched my heart, will move also that of our good sovereign in your favor."—"Dost thou think, poor child, that it is possible to address an emperor, as thou speakest to thy father? Sentinels watch at every entry of his palace, and thou wilt never find means to pass its threshold. A poor beggar girl, without clothes and without recommendation, how couldst thou dare to appear before him; or who would present thee or befriend thee?"

Prascovia could not gainsay the ordinary probability of a failure, but did not yield to it. A secret presentiment triumphed in her bosom over the ordinary suggestions of reason. "I too feel the fears with which your kindness for me fills you," she replied, "but what are they in comparison with my hopes? Think only, dear father; remember how many unexpected favors God has already granted me, because I had put my trust in Him! When I had not the least hope of obtaining a passport, He sent an infidel to point out to me the means of obtaining it. The Almighty softened the heart of the inexorable governor of Tobolsk. Lastly, has He not overcome your reluctance, and obliged you to consent to my departure? Be, therefore, certain, my dear father, that Providence, who alone could have enabled me to triumph over so many obstacles, and who has protected me until now, will know how to carry me safely to the feet of our Sovereign. Providence will put in my mouth convincing words, and your liberty shall reward you for the permission you have given me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

STATISTICS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Bishoprics and their respective population.

EUROPE.

States.	Archb'cs.	Bish'cs	Dioc'es.	Population.
Albania and Epirus,	2	4	6	88,788
Austria,	9	24	33	15,555,916
Baden,	1	—	1	852,824
Bavaria,	2	6	8	2,977,675
Belgium,	1	5	6	4,217,750
Cracovia,	—	1	1	142,202
France,	15	65	80	31,000,000
Greece,	1	3	4	22,900
Hanover,	—	2	2	216,758
Hesse, Granduchy,	—	—	—	203,632
Hohenzollern Hechingen,	—	—	—	21,000
Hungary,	3	25	28	7,578,122
Ireland,	4	23	27	7,500,000
Ionian Islands,	1	1	2	2,630
Islands of Archipelago,	—	1	1	160
Lombardy, Ven.	2	17	19	4,645,594
Lucca, Duchy,	1	—	1	168,198
Malta and Gozo,	1	—	1	109,000
Modena, Duchy,	2	2	4	378,000
Monaco, Princip.	—	—	—	6,500
Papal States,	9	59	68	2,732,436
Parma, Duchy,	2	4	6	476,187
Poland, Russian,	1	8	9	3,887,313
Portugal,	4	17	21	3,549,420
Prussia,	2	6	8	5,612,556
Rhenish Provinces,	1	4	5	———
Russian Empire,	2	5	7	5,590,000
San Marino, Republic,	—	—	—	7,600
Sardinia,	7	34	41	4,650,350
Servia,	1	—	1	10,000
Spain,	8	51	59	12,286,941
Switzerland,	—	4	4	882,854
Two Sicilies,	22	80	102	8,156,310
Tuscany,	3	18	21	1,436,785
Prim. Archb. Armenians,	1	—	1	27,560
Total in Europe,	108	469	577	124,993,961

ASIA.

Oriental Rite.

Armenians, Patriarc. of,	1	2	3	8,000
Chaldeans, Patriarc. of,	5	5	10	17,218
Greeks, Melch. or Cath. Patriarchate	7	5	12	50,000
Maronites, Patriarch	8	12	20	500,000
Syrians, Patriarch	2	4	6	30,000

Latin Rite.

Asiatic Turkey,	1	4	5	11,400
India, Portuguese,	1	1	2	538,000
Persia,	—	1	1	1,000
Total in Asia,	25	34	59	1,155,618

AFRICA.

Algiers,	—	1	1	75,000
Angola,	—	—	—	———
Azores,	—	1	1	225,000
Canary Islands,	—	1	1	208,000
Cape Verd Island,	—	1	1	80,000
Ceuta, Tangier, &c.	—	2	2	17,071
Congo,	—	1	1	———
Madeira, Island of,	—	1	1	112,500
St. Thomas, Island of,	—	1	1	41,000
Total in Africa,	—	9	9	758,571

NORTH AMERICA.

English Possessions,	1	5	6	750,000
United States,	1	15	16	1,300,000
Mexico,	1	10	11	7,500,000
Central America,	1	4	5	1,900,000
West Indies,	1	2	3	1,020,862

SOUTH AMERICA.

U. States of the South,	1	8	9	828,000
Venezuela,	1	2	3	945,348
Bolivia,	1	2	3	1,300,000
Peru,	1	4	5	1,700,000
Chili,	1	4	5	1,400,000
Paraguay,	—	1	1	250,000
Uraguay,	—	—	—	250,000
States of the Plata,	1	3	4	675,000
Brazil,	1	7	8	5,000,000
	12	67	79	25,819,210

OCEANICA.

Philippine Islands,	1	3	4	3,000,000
Australia,	1	2	3	50,000
	2	5	7	3,050,000

Total of bishoprics with their population.

	Bishops.	Population.
Europe,	577	124,993,961
Asia,	59	1,155,618
Africa,	9	758,751
America,	79	25,819,210
Oceanica,	7	3,050,000
Grand Total,	731	155,777,540

In our next number we will present a statistical table of the different Catholic Missions throughout the world, with their population.

England.—*Rev. Mr. Palmer.*—A work has been lately published in London, written by a late member of the University of Oxford, and exhibiting the character of the Rev. Wm. Palmer, M. A. of Worcester College, as a controversialist. This Mr. Palmer is the polemical opponent of Dr. Wiseman. We hope that this work will soon be put into circulation in this country; on account of its concise mode of refuting the Oxford divine. In the meantime, we will quote from the *Tablet* the following specimen of the manner in which Mr. Palmer's tactics are exposed.

"The following passage gives first Mr. Palmer's accusation, and then the evidence in reply:

"1. The next three quotations (pp. 22, 23), are from a homily, 'In Annunciatione,' ascribed also to Damascenus. It appears from Ceillier, that Leo Allatius believes this homily to have been composed by Theodore Studites the younger. When this writer lived, I cannot at this moment discover, but the *elder* Theodore flourished in the ninth century, nearly a hundred years after the time of Damascenus. Ceillier observes, that there are passages in the homilies on the annunciation, 'which do not correspond with the modesty and gravity of this Father.'"

If Mr. Palmer had not been in so desperate a hurry to prove all Dr. Wiseman's citations spurious, he might have saved himself the disgrace of this exposure. *Neither Ceillier or Leo Allatius say any thing that Mr. Palmer here attributes to them.* If he will be kind enough to turn once more to Ceillier, he will find that this critic most distinctly acknowledges the genuineness of the homily cited by Dr. Wiseman. His words are these:

"The sixth (homily) is on the same mystery, (the Annunciation). *St. Damascene, who never allows an opportunity to escape of showing his devotion to the Blessed Virgin,* renders thanks to her in this sermon, because by means of her we have images representing Jesus Christ, the Roman empire enjoys a settled peace, and the arms of the Saracens have been defeated," &c. &c.

"The two *next* homilies are on the *Nativity* of the Blessed Virgin. Allatius ascribes the second to Theodore Studites the younger.

"It is in the first of these homilies on the *Nativity* that Ceillier absurdly says, that there are passages 'which do not correspond with the modesty and gravity of this Father;' but this homily Dr. Wiseman has no where quoted.

"The following condensed criticism on Mr. Palmer is worth reading:

"The Origines Liturgicæ, and the Treatise on the Church, are Mr. Palmer's great works. The former of these, the *only* work of the kind ever written by a member of his communion (Brett wrote *his* after he had left the Church of England), owes every thing valuable in it to Renaudot, Assemani, and such writers. Wherever Mr. Palmer tries to be original, he falls into some disgraceful blunder. On the *logic* of this book I must say one or two words. It is written to show the similarity between the Anglican and Primitive Liturgies. To prove his point, Mr. Palmer should have taken the Primitive Liturgies, and shown that the Anglican one contained the same things. He has, however reversed the plan, and proved nothing which any one would deny. Most heretics prove their perfect agreement with Scripture and antiquity in the same way. They show that Scripture and antiquity contain all the doctrines they believe. This, of course, no one denies. What we assert is, that Scripture and antiquity contain doctrines which they do not believe. And so with reference to the Liturgies. The Primitive Liturgies contain all that is contained in Protestant prayer-books, *but they contain much more.* The 'awful, unbloody, propitiatory sacrifice,' which is the very life and soul of all the Primitive Liturgies without exception, and to which every thing in them is made subservient, is cut out of the Anglican. To look in the latter for any sacrifice except that of praise and thanksgiving, which any layman is qualified (nay, bound) to offer, is like seeking for refreshing streams in 'that dry and thirsty land where no water is.'

"The 'Treatise on the Church,' strange as it may appear, is neither more nor less than a castigated and Anglicanized version of such books as Tourneley, Bailly, and similar works, which every Catholic student is obliged to have at his finger's ends, before he is admitted to the priesthood. I think I might safely challenge Mr. Palmer to point out a single passage he has quoted from the Fathers, for which he is not indebted to *our own* theologians. No! if 'Romanism' had really been 'neglectful of antiquity,' Mr. Palmer's work would never have been written, or at least would have been written in a very different manner, both as to matter and form."

Invocation of our Lady.—Traverse the whole of Europe, take your stand before its ancient monuments, interrogate them, ask who called them forth from the earth with all their wonders, and a voice will answer from the stones whereof they are built, from tradition, and from the annals of nations; Devotion to Mary. Fond devotion to her has adorned the Catholic world

with so many magnificent churches, so many rich abbeys, so many hospitals, so many poetic recollections. In France, once so Catholic, what churches, what chapels, what hospitals under the invocation of our lady, and what endearing titles are given to the divine Virgin. Here we have our lady of good help; there our lady of pity; a little farther on, our lady of universal joys; in another place, our lady of universal aid; near the hospitals, our lady of the seven dolours; there, where a victory has been gained, is our lady of victory; at the bottom of a valley is our lady of peace; on a mountain is our lady of grace; near the fleet is our lady of good port; and there our lady of deliverance, our lady of snow, our lady of the rocks, our lady of lilies, and our lady of angels.—*Orthodox Mag.*

Sisters of Mercy.—The Superioress of the House of Mercy in Baggot-street, Dublin, with seven other religious ladies of that convent, sailed from Kingstown, on Monday evening last, in order to take possession of the new establishment in Liverpool. The Superioress, it is expected, will return to the parent house after having laid the foundation of all things connected with the new and interesting branch, which it is expected will be fruitful of lasting benefits to religion and charity.—*Tablet.*

Conversion.—We learn from the secular papers that Rev. Daniel Parkins, curate of Marden, Wiltz, an old Tractarian, has embraced the Catholic faith.—*Catholic Herald.*

Germany.—We quote the *Univers*:—

While, on the one side, the Rationalism of the day, engendered by the theory of individual interpretation in matters of faith and revelation, saps, with indefatigable effort, the German Protestantism, there is manifested, on the other hand, among the theologians of this communion (the German Lutheran), who would maintain the fundamental principles of Christianity, a tendency which has some analogy to the primary notions which, in England, gave birth to Puseyism. Thus the Danish doctor, Claus Haums, a pastor at Kiel, has declared as the logical result of his reasoning on the relation between the Bible and the Church, that "*the Church possesses and preserves the true understanding of the Scriptures.*" Speaking of the Protestant sects with which he comes in contact, and of their pastors, he says, "*I would undertake to write upon one of my nails all that at this day remains of their belief.*" Again, the Prussian pastor, Sintenis, of Magdeburg, preaching with indomitable zeal against the theory and practice, says, "Oh! it does little honor to our Protestant Church to enter on a controversy in this matter with the Catholic Church, which, upon this point, does much more than ourselves maintain the original holiness of the conjugal tie; for, when the thing becomes inevitable, it pronounces the separation of the married, but it never permits the repetition of the sacrament of marriage to either. How can we Protestants, with any right or reason, demand for ourselves, and against the Catholic Church, the honor of admitting the sacred Scriptures only as the measure of our faith and morals, since, in the matter of divorce at least, it is they, and not we, who hold fast by the written word of Jesus Christ and his disciples." This striking homage to the true evangelism of the Catholic faith was delivered in the ancient cathedral of Magdeburg, and opposite to the well-remembered inscription:—

Expulso Antichristo 1567.

Sandwich Islands.—M. Huguenin, of Bordeaux, has received a letter from Father Tignac, procurator of the congregation of Picpus, dated Valparaiso, 28th October, 1842, in which it is stated that Father Maigret had informed him that eight thousand neophytes had already been made in the Sandwich Islands, notwithstanding the persecutions raised by the Protestant missionaries. The speedy conversion of all the inhabitants to the Catholic faith is likely to follow, if the Catholic missionaries be allowed to pursue their holy functions without molestation.—*Catholic Herald.*

Canada.—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan as Coadjutor Bishop of Kingston.*—Agreeably to the announcements in the several papers, this important rite was performed at Montreal on the 20th of September, and occupied the entire forenoon. An immense assemblage witnessed the grand and imposing scene, and we feel safe in affirming that when the newly consecrated prelate passed through the aisle of the church after his solemn inauguration, to administer his benediction to the thousands around him, never was a congregation more sensibly affected by the mingled feelings of devotion to God and reverence to a beloved pastor. Bishop Phelan proceeds forthwith to his Episcopal seat, whither he will be assuredly followed by the kindest wishes of all who were honored with his acquaintance, and who were witness of his useful labors in Canada East.—*Montreal Times.*

Duelling.—In allusion to a deplorable *affair of honor* that recently took place in England, the London *Times* has the following sensible remarks. Were the conductors of the press generally to denounce, in the same terms, the bar-

barous practice of duelling, they would contribute much towards advancing the civilization of the age:

"Let it be felt—and we trust to see the day when it will be felt—that the man who deliberately goes to Chalk Farm or elsewhere to shoot his fellow-man, and *does* shoot him, is a murderer. Whatever be his motive, whether absolute revenge, or the less atrocious but not less wholly inexcusable fear of being thought a coward, or an irrational habit of acquiescence in the demands of society, the law should have but one name for his act. He is subject to no physical necessity: it is a mere quibble to say he is defending his honor or his life. He does not disprove a slander or annul an injury by killing his slanderer. He cannot plead the necessity of defending a life which nothing but his own act has put in jeopardy. If the challenger, he is avenging, or affecting to avenge himself, and nothing more; if the challenged, he is defending himself by the death of his opponent, because he has not the independence or the courage to repair what he has done wrong, or to refuse "satisfaction" (as it is called) for what he has done right. But revenge, or frivolity, or pusillanimity, or habit, must not be allowed to impose their fantastic and unchristian notions on the law of England. They have too long done so, but we trust the time of their dominion is passing. Duelling has become generally ridiculous, when not ridiculous, hateful, and requires but a blow from authority to become the crime of a past age. Our day has plenty of its own to answer for—let us at least get rid of this inherited stain, which is scarcely ours. It is upheld by a mere shadow, an opinion, an imagination. Men of sense despise it, men of religion hate it, men of determination rebel against it."

Those who would be better pleased with a more facetious, but equally lucid demonstration of the proposition, established by the *Times*, may read the following:

"The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said, to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat*, by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question:—"But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face 'you lie.'" "What cud I do? Why, I wudn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to pruv it. 'Pruv, sir, pruv, it,' I'd say. If he cudn't *he'd* be the liar, and there I shud have him; but if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must e'en pocket the affront, and there I expect the matter wud end."—*Tablet.*

Rev. Mr. Sibthorp.—The conversion of this able writer to the Catholic Church greatly annoys our Episcopalian brethren, who are endeavoring to show that it was no extraordinary event, if we consider the vague and ultra-Protestant notions of Mr. S. before his admission into the true fold. We are free to confess that we do not consider a conversion from Episcopalianism, more remarkable than one from any other sect of Christians, because, in the first place, the doctrine of the Church of England is by no means a settled point, and secondly, for this very reason, the Anglican Church is a most fruitful parent of religious doubt and perplexity, which the inquirer after truth finds it impossible to discard, until he enters the bosom of Catholicity. If Mr. Sibthorp passed from *ultra-Protestant* views to the faith of the Catholic Church, he did so, because the Anglican Church offered no rest to his mind. Even in this country, what is the Protestant Episcopal doctrine? Is it that propounded by Bishop Onderdonk of New York, or that which is upheld by Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio?

DOMESTIC.

Archdiocess of Baltimore.—*Ordination.* An ordination was held by the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, on the 2d Sept., on which occasion, Messrs. Timothy Reardon, John Norris, Edward McNerhany, Stephen Hubert and John Hayden received the holy tonsure; Mr. Wm. D. Parsons received the four minor orders; and Messrs. O. L. Jenkins, Charles Brenan, Michael Slattery, and Thomas Foley were promoted to the order of subdeaconship. On the next day, Sunday, Messrs. Joseph Maguire, Oliver L. Jenkins, and M. Slattery were advanced to the order of deaconship; and Rev. Wm. A. Blenkinsop, deacon, was promoted to the priesthood.

New Church and Fair.—A fair is to be opened in Calvert Hall, Baltimore, on the second of this month, for the benefit of St. Peter's church, the corner stone of which was laid on the 22d of May last, by Bishop Hughes of New York, assisted by Bishop Kenrick of St. Louis. This building has so far advanced as to be ready to receive the roof, which is now in progress. As soon as it is enclosed, the plastering will be commenced and every effort made to prepare the interior for service by Christmas day. Its size and design will render this building the greatest ornament of the western part of the city, and will entitle it to rank among the first class of ecclesiastical structures in this country. The following description of it may not prove unin-

teresting to our subscribers. The building is designed in the Grecian style of architecture and in the Doric order. The front on Poppleton street measures sixty-eight feet, and the depth on Hollins street, one hundred and twenty-one feet. The chief characteristic of the design is the depth of the front portico, which, as seen from Baltimore street, will present a fine appearance. The portico will have six columns, behind which are an equal number of square pillars, four of which form the front of the open recessed vestibule; thus giving the richness of a double colonnade. The building is of brick, and is intended to be painted; the basement is of hammered granite, in courses; and the whole is constructed in a thoroughly substantial manner. The whole entablature is executed in brick, moulded expressly to form its different parts, such as trygliphs, drops, &c. The interior will be finished with Corinthian pilasters, and an ornamental ceiling. A gallery is at the west end for the choir with large galleries above it for colored persons. There are to be no side galleries. The altar will present, for the first time in this city the ancient arrangement of a lofty canopy or *ciborium*, over the altar. In locating the Church due regard has been had in placing the axis east and west. The basement story, which is high and airy, is intended for school purposes, and is provided with an altar for its own service. A belfry will be erected over the sanctuary, preserving in its design, the Doric character of the edifice. The building is designed by R. C. Long, architect, and the work is executed under his superintendence by the following contractors, viz., for the granite work, Messrs. Emery & Gault, for the brickwork, Francis A. Gibbons, for the carpenter's work, McClaskey and Leakin, and for the plastering, Wilson and Griffen. Mr. Michael Warner, Jr. in the manufacture of the moulded bricks for the entablature, has succeeded admirably, and their introduction here will no doubt lead to a more extensive use of this material in an ornamental form. The roof is to be of metal and is to be executed by Mr. John Gross. A great part of the basement of this church was executed by gratuitous labor.

Immediately adjoining the church is the residence of the rector, the Rev. Edward McColgan, a neat and tasteful building in the Doric style, to correspond with the church to which it is attached. This property has been erected by and belongs to John McColgan, Esq., brother of the rector.

Official.—The Very Rev. James Ryder, S. J. has been appointed Provincial of the Society of Jesus, for the province of Maryland.

New Churches.—The corner stone of a new church (St. Peter's) was lately blessed in West Kensington, Philadelphia; also at Nicetown, Pa. On the 6th of August, Rev. Mr. Labbe performed the same ceremony at Biloxi, Mississippi.

New Orleans Disturbances.—Under this head the *Catholic Advocate* states the principal facts, connected with the late outrage perpetrated in the Catholic cemetery at New Orleans, by a set of Freemasons.

"It seems that the Freemasons desired to erect a masonic monument in the Catholic cemetery, as a common receptacle for the deceased members of their fraternity, and deputed one of their number to purchase the ground, without letting their intention be known.

The ground was purchased of the trustees of the Cathedral, and the masons, with much ceremony, took possession of it, laid the corner stone of their monument, delivered discourses in eulogy of their institution, &c. &c., and this too, in the consecrated city of the dead, which the Church by her laws protects from profane intrusion. The news of this strange and most uncatholic procedure, reached the bishop's ears, and as his duty required, he forthwith caused an investigation to be made. It turned out that the president of the board of trustees was also grand master of the lodge, and that the members of the board approved the desecration of the cemetery, being more solicitous for the honor of the secret society, of which the Catholic Church disapproves, than for the glory of the religion and the Church for which they pretend to feel interest as trustees of the New Orleans Cathedral. The bishop discharged the duty marked out for him by the laws and discipline of the Church, and they denounce him. They have the ridiculous effrontery to call themselves "Catholic Freemasons," as if such a thing were possible, and speak of their bishop and clergy in the most disrespectful manner.

The fact is evident that they have neither religion, respect for religion, nor perhaps even a correct knowledge of what the faith and discipline of the Catholic Church are. They know that they have it in their power to give trouble, and they are determined to do so.

These pretended *Catholic Freemasons* seem to make slight account of the fact that their institution, *with its secret oath*, is disapproved of by the Catholic Church; that the clergy cannot admit to the sacraments those who are members of such secret associations; that consequently those who die without withdrawing from such societies, are not buried with the rites of religion, nor their remains interred in consecrated ground;

of all these facts they make slight account, because they are Catholics, *of a new sort*; Catholics upon the conditions most agreeable to themselves; Catholics as far as suits their convenience; liberal, philosophical, *free-thinking* Catholics, who in the plenitude of their self-sufficiency, are superior to councils, popes, and bishops; Catholics who are determined to go to heaven their own way, and for whose salvation such paltry virtues, as *faith, obedience, humility*, a *resort* to the sacraments, and a *respect* for the prelates placed over them to advise, warn, instruct, reprove, encourage and govern them, are by no means required. They are Catholic freemasons, forsooth! who, in place of doing any good for religion, labor with zeal and warmth to prevent the good of religion, to excite prejudice against the bishop and clergy, to stir up the passions of the irreligious multitude, to break down those salutary spiritual sanctions which have been wisely designed by the Church to give efficacy and force to her discipline. Such persons would do much better, both for themselves and the Catholic community at large, to withdraw altogether from the household of faith, since "the worst enemies of a man are those of his own household."

American Board of Missions.—*Report.*—The number who have joined the missions is nine less than have been removed by deaths and dismissions.

Of the Missionary Herald, twenty-one thousand copies, and of the Dayspring fifty-thousand copies have been published monthly.

The amount received into the treasury of the board during the year ending on the 31st of July last, was $244,224 43; and the amount of payments was $257,247 25; leaving the treasury indebted to the amount of $13,022 82.

The number of missions sustained during the year is twenty-six; connected with which are eighty-six stations, at which are laboring one hundred and thirty-one ordained missionaries, eight of whom are physicians, eight other physicians, fifteen teachers, ten printers and bookbinders, six other male and one hundred and seventy-eight female assistant missionaries, making the whole number of missionary laborers sent from this country and sustained by the board, three hundred and forty-eight, which is eight less than the number last year. If to these be added fourteen native preachers, and one hundred and sixteen other native helpers, the whole number of missionary laborers connected with the missions and sustained from the treasury of the board, will be four hundred and seventy-eight, which is ten less than were reported last year. Of these missionary laborers, four ordained missionaries, and two male and nine female assistant missionaries, in all fifteen, have been sent forth during the last year, being the least number of preachers, and the least number, including all classes of laborers, that has been sent forth during any year since 1831.

Organised by these missions, and under their pastoral care, are sixty-two churches, to which have been received during the last year, two thousand, six hundred and ninety; and which now embrace, in regular standing, twenty thousand, seven hundred and ninety-seven members. This number does not include some hundreds of hopeful converts among the Armenians, Nestorians, and other communities in Western Asia. The number of printing establishments connected with the missions is sixteen, with four type foundries, forty-three founts of type, and thirty presses. Printing has been executed for the missions in thirty-three languages, exclusive of the English, fifteen of which were first reduced to a written form by the missionaries of this board. The copies of works printed at the mission presses during the past year exceed six hundred thousand, and the number of pages is about fifty-six millions, three hundred and eighty-three thousand; making the total number of pages printed for the missions since they commenced, about four hundred and forty-two millions, fifty-six thousand, one hundred and eighty-five.

In the department of education the missionaries have under their care seven seminaries for educating preachers and teachers, in which are six hundred and ninety-nine pupils, more than four hundred of whom are girls. Of free schools the number is six hundred and ten, containing thirty thousand, seven hundred and seventy-eight; making the whole number of pupils under the care of the missions, thirty-two thousand.

A Low Expedient.—The *South. Churchman*, an Episcopalian paper, has disgraced its pages by the introduction of a series of questions and answers called a *Roman Catholic catechism with Bible answers*, extracted from the *Protestant Vindicator*. The series commences as follows:

Question.—Who made you?

Answer.—God.

Q.—Who is God?

A.—He is the Son of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (See Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary.)

Bible Answer.—He is the Creator of heaven and earth. (See Genesis i, and John i.)

Q.—Who is the Virgin Mary?

A.—She is the queen of heaven, refuge of sinners, morning star, and gate of heaven. (See office of the Rosary in any Popish prayer book.)

Bible A.—She was the mother of Jesus, and espoused to Joseph. (Matt. i, 21.)

Q.—Who was the mother of the Virgin Mary?

A.—St. Ann. (See Popish Calendar, July 26.)

Q.—Who is St. Ann?

A.—She is *the grandmother of God.* (See Popish Calendar, July 26.)

Q.—How old was the B. Virgin when she died?

A.—It is blasphemy to say she died. She was *assumed up* into heaven, accompanied by all the holy angels, and with great jubilee and exultation of the whole court of heaven, crowned by her son with the *brightest diadem* of glory. (See the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, fourth mystery, in any Popish prayer book.)"

We should have judged that the source from which this article emanated, would have been sufficient to exclude it from the columns of a journal pretending to respectability, independently of the falsehoods which it contains and the stupidity which it evinces.

STRANGE LOGIC.—The *Banner of the Cross* intimates to its readers that the organs of the Church of Rome in this country are not so deficient in sagacity as in honesty, in the expression of their opinion relatively to the Oxford Tracts. This is one of those bold assertions which being altogether gratuitous are refuted by mere contradiction. No useful discussion can be pursued, while resort is had to expedients which Christian charity and courtesy equally reprobate. There are other ways of accounting for the opinions of the Catholic press than the imputation of *crafty views.* Why may not the Catholic journals in this country honestly and consistently differ in opinion about the tendency of the Oxford Tracts? Why does a portion of the Catholic press consider them a help to the propagation of truth? Because, judging from experience a multitude of Tractarians, and some of them clergymen, have gradually passed from their views to the orthodox faith. And why may not another portion of the press consider these tracts an obstacle to the progress of true principles? Because many may be deceived by the specious language which they use, assuming, as they do, an appearance of sound doctrine, while the doctrine itself is discarded from their belief. Do they not employ the terms *Catholic, Real Presence, Church,* in a way which may easily lead the ignorant or unwary to suppose that there is no material difference between the Anglican Church and the Catholic Church? There may be, therefore, an intelligent and well founded discrepancy of sentiment upon this subject; but there is one point in relation to which we do not hesitate to pronounce the Catholic journals in this country unanimous, that is, in acknowledging *no alliance with the Puseyite party,* as a religious body, so long as it is separated from the centre of Catholic communion, the see of Rome. Every Catholic periodical here and elsewhere, is prepared to address the successor of St. Peter, at the present day, in the language of St. Jerom to Pope Damasus in the 4th century: "Whoever gathereth not with thee, scattereth."

In the same number of the *Banner,* we find the subjoined paragraph:

"THE CHURCH OF ROME SCHISMATICAL.—It is an undeniable historical fact, that the Church of England, for many years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, (when things were restored to the state they were in before the interruption of the Reformation by the bloody Mary), remained one united body in discipline and faith—until the followers of the Pope schismatically set up their rival communion in that country, of which the Roman sect in the United States is an off-shoot. We mention this, to introduce the following capital sentence from Mr. Gresley's Forest of Arden:—"*It is a point very much to be regarded, that, during a considerable portion of Elizabeth's reign,* THE REFORMED CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ENGLAND EMBRACING THE WHOLE NATION, WAS ONE AND UNDIVIDED."

We have not the slightest disposition to charge the *Banner of the Cross* either with *crafty views* or a want of *intelligence;* but we must confess that the article just cited did not appear to us indicative of a very attentive application of the intellectual faculties. If the reasoning which it contains has any force whatever, by the comparison of dates, the following argument, *a fortiori,* will be conclusive:

It is an undeniable historical fact that from the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the reign of Henry VIII, the Church of England was *one united body in discipline and faith,* united also with the see of Rome, until the kingdom was schismatically wrested from the centre of Catholic unity, by that monarch, who to gratify his lawless appetites, had no other expedient than to walk in the footsteps of Luther, by rising in open rebellion against the authority of the Church.

OBITUARY.

Died at New Orleans on the 19th of September, Rev. Ferdinand D. Bach, Rector of the Cathedral of that city, aged fifty-three years.

On the 5th of the same month Sister Frederica (McDonald), who, at the age of twenty-one years, fell a victim to her heroic charity, while ministering to the sick in the yellow fever hospital at New Orleans.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The True Path for the True Churchman wandering in the mazes of Protestantism. By Richard Waldo Sibthorp, B. D. Oxford, late Protestant minister, Isle of Wight. New York: Casserly & Sons. pp. 51.

There can be but one opinion in reference to the worth of this admirable pamphlet, which has been issued from the press of the Messrs. Casserly. It is every where spoken of in the highest terms by Catholics, and, we can say, deservedly so, not merely from our own estimation of its merits, but from the ability that has been awarded to it even by those who are not of the Catholic Church. Witness the following expression of opinion from the *Boston Courier:*

"It is the production of the Rev. R. W. Sibthorp, late a Protestant minister in the Isle of Wight, and consists of two letters, written to a friend, in answer to the inquiry, 'Why have you become a Catholic?' The writer, so far as the Church of England is concerned, makes out a good case—we should say, an unanswerable argument, but there is no argument that is unanswerable; at least, we have never met with one that did not admit of some sort of a reply. We fully concur with the author in his declaration respecting those who consider the doctrines of the Council of Trent reconcilable with open communion with the established Church of England—'*If Rome be right, these persons do not go far enough; but, if Rome be wrong, they have gone much too far.*'"

The Third Book of Reading Lessons compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey. 12mo. pp. 322.

This, as a reading book, is one of the best compilations that have come under our notice. The extracts are numerous and various and abound in useful instruction. The character of a large portion of its contents adapts it particularly to the use of Catholic schools. The work is published in Mr. Cummiskey's usual style of excellence, and is for sale at J. Murphy's bookstore.

An Address delivered before the Tulliphœbian Society of St. John's Literary Institution, Frederick, Aug. 1, 1843, by John H. O'Neil, Esq.

We have read with much pleasure this address, which traces in a strain of glowing thought the progress of philosophy from its origin to the present time. We regret that our limits do not permit us to place before the reader an extract from this beautiful sketch of the history of mind.

The Souvenir and other Tales; Baltimore: John Murphy, 32mo. pp. 179.

This is a charming little volume, forming No. 4 of the *Cabinet Library.* The excellent lessons which it contains, and the insinuating style in which they are delivered, should suffice to induce every parent to place this little book in the hands of his children.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

The introductory article of this number, although the continuation of a subject that has already been presented to our readers, will amply repay its perusal. The extracts from Mr. Faber's work have been judiciously made by the reviewer, who is a gentleman of acknowledged literary taste, and show still more plainly the longing of the Oxford school for something more spiritual, more consistent, more allied to primitive times, than is to be met with in the Anglican Church.

The article on the *Origin and Blessing of Bells* was suggested by some remarks in a late number of the *Presbyterian,* whose attention we direct to it, as a much more authentic source of information, than a political print swayed by anticatholic prejudices.

As the far west is becoming an object of increasing interest, both in a political and religious point of view, the observations of Professor Ducatel on the *Theory of the Western Prairies,* will be read with considerable interest, not so much as a matter of curious speculation as of practical utility.

We have learned from various sources that some of our readers would be better satisfied with the Magazine, were a certain portion of its contents to consist of interesting narratives. With a view to gratify them and the public generally, we have made room for the very entertaining history of Prascovia Lopouloff, a story of real life, not less instructive than pleasing. We shall not fail to introduce, when practicable, other narratives of a similar description.

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